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A CENTO FROM "THE HIGHWAY TO MOUNT CALVARY."

Repair to Pilate's hall,
Which place when thou hast found,
There shalt thou see a pillar stand
To which thy Lord was bound.
'Tis easy to be known
By any Christian eye;
The bloody whips do point it out
From all that stand thereby.

A little from that place,
Upon the left-hand side,
There is a curious portlie door,
Right beautiful and wide.
Leave that in any wise,
Forbid thy foot go thither;
For out thereat did Judas go,
Despair and he together.

But to the right-hand turn,
Where is a narrow gate,
Forth which St. Peter went to weep
His poor distressed estate.
Do imitate the like,
Go out at sorrow's door,
Weep bitterly as he did weep,
That wept to sin no more.

By this direction, then,
The way is understood —
No porch, no door, nor hall to pass,
Unsprinkled with Christ's blood.
So shall no error put
Misguiding steps between,
For every drop sweet Jesus shed
Is freshly to be seen.

A crown of piercing thorns
There lies inbrued in gore!
The garland that thy Saviour's head
For thy offences wore;
Which when thou shalt behold,
Think what his love hath been,
Whose head was laden with those briars
T'unload thee of thy sin.

Follow his feet that goes
For to redeem thy loss,
And carries all our sins with Him
To cancel on his cross.
Look on, with liquid eyes,
And sigh from sorrowing mind,
To see the death's-man go before,
The murdering troupes behind.

Then press amongst the throng
Thyself with sorrows wed;
Get very near to Christ and see
What tears the women shed;
Tears that did turn Him back,
They were of such a force —
Tears that did purchase daughter's names,
Of Father's kind remorse.

Think on their force by tears —
Tears that obtained love;
Where words too weak could not persuade,
How tears had power to move.
Then look towards Jesus' load,
More than He could endure,
And how for help to bear the same
A hireling they procure.

Join thou unto the cross,
Bear it of love's desire:
Do not as Cyrenæus did,
Who took it up for hire.
The voluntary death
That Christ did die for thee,
Gives life to none but such as joy
Cross-bearing friends to be.

Up to Mount Calvary
If thou desire to go,
Then take thy cross and follow Christ,
Thou canst not miss it so.
When thou art there arrived
His glorious wounds to see,
Say but as faithful as the thief,
"O Lord, remember me."

Assure thyself to have
A gift all gifts excelling,
Once sold by sin, once bought by Christ,
For saints eternal dwelling.
By Adam Paradise
Was sin's polluted shade;
By Christ, the dunghill Golgotha
A Paradise was made.
SAMUEL ROWLANDS, 16th century.

GOOD FRIDAY.

AM I a stone, and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath thy Cross
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved,
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the sun and moon,
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon, —
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the
flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more,
And smite a rock.

— Rossetti.

From the Eclectic.

FREDRIKA BREMER AND HER SWEDISH SISTERS.*

WE have an invincible prejudice against the publication of works which seem to turn to money-account hours or months spent in the company or households of eminent persons. Such works are constantly pouring from the press, and they give a shock to all moral ideas. We must say at once, however, that there is nothing in the two very delightful volumes before us to favour such a prejudice. Miss Howitt spent her twelve months in the household of Miss Bremer, and these pages furnish a number of lively and vivid features of that admirable woman's more private character, while fastidiousness itself could not, we think, find an incident or conversation recorded to which it might take exception. But Fredrika Bremer was one of the most eminent notabilities of her country, and especially of its chief city of Stockholm; and this gave to her young guest innumerable opportunities of entrance into every order of society, and every variety of the delightfully fresh and romantic-looking life and circumstance of the old northern capital, and its pleasant and interesting suburbs. In fact, the writer saw everybody it seemed desirable to see, and has with a most graceful, graphic, and cheerful pen, recorded her impressions, and has thus given to us a really pleasant book. There is not an unkind word in it; there is not a stroke of satire in it. She took the places and the people as she found them; in reality, she seems to have received from all sorts of persons uniform kindness, overflowing to the brim of capacity; but we do not think, therefore, that this invariability makes the reason of a grateful record, for we have many instances of writers who have gone abroad to be treated with ovations, and only returned to spit out their bilious words upon the hands proffering their cup of kindness. We are disposed, therefore, to feel that the kind and genial hearts of Sweden have found a kind and genial journalist, and that the delightful and amiable deeds are also indebted to a kind and amiable receiver. In some particulars the name of Fredrika Bremer on the titlepage will really mislead; for the volumes are full of incident about a number of people, of whom we never heard before, and whose acquaintance, through these pages, it has been our joy to make.

* *Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.* By Margaret Howitt. Two Vols. Jackson, Wal-ford, and Hodder.

From these volumes Mr. de Liefde might make a very interesting appendatory chapter to his beautiful book on the *Charities of Europe*. Miss Bremer herself was more than a great novelist and poet; she was one of the noblest workers for Christ in Europe, and her fine high sympathies brought her into friendship with noble persons like herself. We shall try to set a few of their names before our readers, ere we close this paper. A quaint romantic old city of strange usages, and palaces, and traditions. A friendship of the noble hostess with royal persons, and the ability to command entrance therefore to what such circles might afford; a friendship, and constant daily intercourse with all that was choicest in the city, in the professors of art, or literature, or science; then a friendship with philanthropists and workers, who do not seem to be despised there, as they are in England, or counted by literary people as the offscouring of all things. Then residence away from Stockholm — trips to Upsala and Arsta, give such glimpses of the country life in Sweden, that all these particulars, flowing through ink, made simple and graphic, furnish a pair of volumes which, while they will not at all tax the brain, cannot fail to refresh and do good to the heart. They shall furnish us with the opportunity of saying a few words about Fredrika Bremer and Sweden: —

FREDRIKA BREMER was a Fin. She was born at Abo on the 17th of August, 1801. Her family seems to have been of some consideration, and when Finland was ceded to Russia, her father desiring still, we suppose, to retain his nationality, removed to Stockholm; he purchased also an old estate called Arsta, where her earliest days were passed. The children were seven in number, and seem all to have received an education fitting them, by its accomplishment, to become interested actors in society, with manifold sympathies. We have little knowledge of her early life; her great friend, Mary Howitt, the highly-endowed mother of the author of these volumes, has given to this country, we believe, all that we know about her.* She began to write while she was a child; of course, not to much purpose; she seems to have been, what all her works would proclaim her to have been once, a restless, vehement, passionate creature. In her first years we can conceive her infinite longings, and as infinite disappointments; probably also, her family suffered some reverses, and for some time,

* See also "Fredrika Bremer," by Mary Howitt, in the *Christian World Magazine*, February, 1866.

she was engaged as a teacher in a lady's school in Stockholm; then, she travelled for twelve months as the companion of the Countess Sommerhjehn in Norway. The young lady, however, was turning all these experiences to account; she was accustomed to speak of some of those years with pleasure, and the sceneries and characters with which she became acquainted were reproduced long years after from the great photographic album of her memory; then she began to write in earnest, but published many pieces before the success of any, yet her first pieces were published when about six-and-twenty. Her sketches seem to us to give clear indications enough of more than talent, but upon the publication of *The H. Family*, she took the place at once she has since with unshaken firmness retained, and to which almost every succeeding work has given her another claim, as not only one of her healthful country's healthiest and noblest minds, but one of the finest novelists of any country of her age; and perhaps the foreign novelist of all others with whom the healthful and homely order of English and American mind has most sympathy. We always feel, in reading her tales, that we have little to do in transferring our minds among their scenes and persons; not more than in transferring our minds to some English or American village we have not visited, but which we know to be peopled by persons whose habits and thoughts of life, and household, and human sentiments, either religious or political, are very much the same as our own. Perhaps the frequent wild pomp of her descriptions, and the strong force of a primitive and unconventional character in her writings, make them more acceptable in the United States, than with us. We do not indeed think that their moral tone is always so severely righteous as we could wish; passions sometimes blaze with tremendous vehemence across her pages; there is never any guiltiness, nor an approach to any, but the characters are not always cast with such reserves and remotenesses as we think the highest efforts of Christian art should demand. Surely Bruno, and Franciska Werner, in the *The Neighbours*, form an illustration from many of this. We have been ourselves often quite amazed that sublime moralists have taken strong exception to *Jane Eyre*, while they have commended the high purity of all Miss Bremer's books; in fact, if exception be taken, they are both open to the same exception, and we are not disposed ourselves to use the little space we can afford here for the impeachment of either. Shallower critics have compared her to Jane Austen.

Such a comparison could be about as well sustained as one between De Foe and Sir Walter Scott; they both of them were fond of the involvements and every-day scenes of private life, but here the analogy terminates. Miss Bremer had none of the *amour propre* of Miss Austen; the proportions of the English writer, so very exact, always seem to us a little more than propriety, and frequently become prudery, witty, and often charming, as her pages are; while Miss Bremer's glow with a passionate, overflowing vehemence, which, when it spends itself in scenery, is alive with all the glory, either of the icy or the sunny north; and when it is human, would sometimes make the ladies who are shocked at *Jane Eyre*, put their fans before their faces. In her writings, she was wondrously faithful to her northern clime. In herself representing, probably, the most ancient aboriginal stem of Europe, — for such, no doubt, the Fins are. Her blood seems to have had the quicksilver of mystery in it, — the love of old Finnish traditions, — the magic of the wild music and poetry of that ancient people. We do not wonder that Miss Howitt was startled once to the extremest point of surprise, when, as she was sailing over the picturesque waters, flooded with the long, bright, evening sunshine, the "Tante Fredrika," as she was always called, quietly said: —

"Once when sailing over the lake, I was amazed by the apparition of nine or ten mermaids above the water, who looked at us as we passed. They are not unfrequently seen, and are well-known animals."

As Tante Fredrika spoke of them as material beings, and termed them *animals*, I, in my ignorance, suggested seals.

"Seals, certainly not; mermaids," was the decided reply.

"If I could only reach Professor Nilsson in Scania, I would ask him to clear up this mystery."

A creature who could seriously say a thing like this, must have had fairy blood in her. Her descriptions always rise when she wends her way into the mysteries of the Northern deserts. Perhaps this is best illustrated in *Strife and Peace*, and that story of the mountain journey, and the Aasgaardsreija, or Sinoom of the Norwegian deserts; the fragments of Paganism frozen fast into the imaginations of the people of the great Lapland deserts, turning the shapes of nature into horrors. The wild region of the roving reindeer; the region of the snow-plough making a road for

the church-going people; the region where hobgoblins and where wolves still linger among the Finnish mists, which have the property of turning all the objects in the Jotunhem of the desolate wilderness into horror, and where the people seem to have embraced so much of Christianity as leaves them free also to receive all the stories and suggestions from the Bible, which people the world with mysterious beings. What a picture is suggested by the experiences of such a character as Sara Albertina, a young Lapland widow, whose acquaintance Miss Howitt made. She was residing, on a short visit in Stockholm, away from her vast Lapland pastures, and as she talks and describes, a region, with which we are very unfamiliar, in its terrors and dangers, becomes very real to us. Sara laughed at the idea of a Laplander having a watch, however large his possessions might be; following his troops of reindeer across the snow, through the vast distances over a wild rocky country. "When we have followed," she said, — for she had constantly kept her pasture of reindeer in the night, — "the deer for miles, and it is so dark that we cannot see a hand's breadth before us, what would be the use of a watch? We know the herd is safe, and that is enough; then we lie down upon the snow to sleep, and thank God we have it to rest upon!" Then she described how, while watching the herds in the night, stealthily and unheard, they would perceive the approaching wolves by the glistening of eyes, glowing upon them, through the darkness, like fiery sparks. Then the reindeer itself is an object of love and romance, and adventure, timid, and shrinking; like a tender woman, trembling if touched, and refusing the moss even from the most loving human hands, and when the ground is so thickly covered with snow as to make it difficult even for its instinct to discover the moss. The life of these regions seems to have always presented strong fascinations to Miss Bremer; this great region, as it has been called, of the old night, where the spirit of the North-pole seems to oppress the greater portion of the year; the icy-grey cliffs and withered trees, turning the greater part of the year away from life and light. Such is Fredrika Bremer's *Heimdal*: —

Knowest thou the deep, cool dale,
Where church-like stillness doth prevail;
Where neither flock nor herd you meet;
Which hath no name nor track of feet?

The following magnificent descriptive

passage from *Strife and Peace*, justifies at once the impression we have conveyed of the novelist's love for the old North, and her power in picturing its splendours: —

Before yet a song of joy or of mourning had gone forth from the valleys of Norway — before yet a smoke-wreath had ascended from its huts — before an axe had felled a tree of its woods — before yet king Nor burst forth from Jotunhem to seek his lost sister, and passing through the land gave to it his name; nay, before yet there was a Norwegian, stood the high Dovre mountains with snowy summits before the face of the Creator.

Westward stretches itself out the gigantic mountain-chain as far as Romsdahlshorn, whose foot is bathed by the Atlantic ocean. Southward it forms under various names (Langfeld, Sognefeld, Filefeld, Hardangerfeld, and so forth), that stupendous mountainous district which in a stretch of a hundred and fifty geographical miles comprehends all that nature possesses of magnificent, fruitful, lovely, and charming. Here stands yet, as in the first days of the world, in Upper Telemark, the Fjellstuga, or rock-house, built by an invisible hand, and whose icy walls and towers that hand alone can overthrow: here still, as in the morning of time, meet together at Midsummer, upon the snowy foreheads of the ancient mountains, the rose-tint of morning and the rose-tint of evening for a brotherly kiss; still roar as then the mountain torrents which hurl themselves into the abyss; still reflect the ice-mirrors of the glaciers the same objects — now delighting, now awakening horror; and still to-day, even as then, are there Alpine tracts which the foot of man never ascended: valleys of wood, "lonesome cells of nature," upon which only the eagle and the Midsummer-sun have looked down. Here is the old, ever young, Norway; here the eye of the beholder is astonished, but his heart expands itself; he forgets his own suffering, his own joy, forgets all that is trivial, whilst with a holy awe he has a feeling that "the shadow of God wanders through nature."

In the heart of Norway lies this country. Is the soul wearied with the tumults of the world or fatigued with the trifles of poor everyday life — is it depressed by the confined atmosphere of the room, — with the dust of books, the dust of company, or any other kind of dust (there are in the world so many kinds, and they all cover the soul with a great dust mantle); or is she torn by deep consuming passions, — then fly, fly towards the still heart of Norway, listen there to the fresh mighty throbbing of the heart of nature; alone with the quiet, calm, and yet so eloquent, objects of nature, and there wilt thou gain strength and life! There falls no dust. Fresh and clear stand the thoughts of life there, as in the days of their creation. Wilt thou behold the great and the majestic? Behold the Gausta, which raises its colossal knees six thousand feet above the surface of the earth; behold the wild giant forms of Hurrungen, Fannarau-

ken, Mugnåfjeld; behold the Rjukan (the rushing), the Vöring, and Vedal rivers foaming and thundering over the mountains and plunging down in the abysses! And wilt thou delight thyself in the charming, the beautiful? They exist among these fruitful scenes in peaceful solitude. The Säter-hut stands in the narrow valley; herds of cattle graze on the beautiful grassy meadows; the Säter-maiden, with fresh-colour, blue eyes, and bright plaits of hair, tends them and sings the while the simple, the gentle melancholy airs of the country; and like a mirror for that charming picture, there lies in the middle of the valley a little lake (kjern), deep, still, and of a clear blue colour, as is generally peculiar to the glacier water. All breathes an idyllic peace.

But a presentiment of death appears, even in the morning hour of creation, to have impressed its seal upon this country. The vast shadows of the dark mountain masses fall upon valleys where nothing but moss grows; upon lakes whose still waters are full of never-melted ice—thus the Cold Valley, the Cold Lake (Koledal and Koldesjö), with their dead, grey-yellow shores. The stillness of death reigns in this wilderness, interrupted only by the thunderings of the avalanche and by the noise which occasions the motion of the glaciers. No bird moves its wings or raises its twittering in this sorrowful region; only the melodious sighs of the cuckoo are borne thither by the winds at Midsummer.

Wilt thou, however, see life in its pomp and fairest magnificence? Then see the embrace of the winter and the summer in old Norway; descend into the plain of Svalen, behold the valleys of Aamaadt and Sillefjord, or the paradisiacally beautiful Vestfjordal, through which the Man flows still and clear as a mirror, and embraces in its course little, bright green islands, which are overgrown with bluebells and sweet-scented wood-lilies; see how the silver stream winds itself down from the mountains, between groups of trees and fruitful fields; see how, behind the near hills with their leafy woods, the snow-mountains elevate themselves, and like worthy patriarchs look down upon a younger generation; observe in these valleys the morning and evening play of colours upon the heights, in the depths; see the affluent pomp of the storm; see the calm magnificence of the rainbow, as it vaults itself over the waterfall, — depressed spirit, see this, understand it, and — breathe!

From these beautifully, universally known scenes we withdraw ourselves to a more unknown region, to the great stretch of valley where the Skogshorn rears itself to the clouds; where Urunda flows brightly between rocks, — the waterfalls of Djupadahl stream not the less charmingly and proudly because they are only rarely admired by the eyes of curious travellers. We set ourselves down in a region whose name and situation we counsel nobody to seek out in maps, and which we call —

But we have not intended any close and formal estimate of Miss Bremer's works. Miss Howitt's book especially reminds us that she was not merely a novelist; she was a reformer; she used her influential pen especially to procure a recognition of the place of woman in the social scale. Indeed, many of the pictures of home-life, abounding in her works, have this tendency. *Hertha*, however, which upon its publication raised against her a severe storm of indignation, was, perhaps, the most really influential work of her life. Among Fredrika Bremer's works, *Hertha* is not with us a special favourite; it seems to us wanting in proportion, nor can we suppose it would have resulted in such immediate social benefits, but for the rank to which its writer had already attained. As it is, the scorn and indignation with which she, in the part of *Hertha*, lifts up her hand against the injustice and wrong of woman's position in society, are such as to make all the bits of mankind that have ever assisted in such degradation — wince; and "*Hertha's Dream*" might be published as a religious tract in this country, and circulated among the *Tackjacks* who are to be met with amongst us. We refer to *Hertha*, because it illustrates the practical side of Miss Bremer's character. When her great friend, the artist, Miss Lindegren, showed one of her first achievements to a carping male critic, he gave it as his advice, "that she should follow the calling of a woman, throw away her brush, knit stockings, and make sausage meat"! If it were possible for Miss Bremer ever to lose her good humour, it was when she fell in with the kind of cattle made capable of making such speeches. Her *Hertha* was charged with being sentimental; but the establishment of the *Stockholm Seminarium*, an institution for the training of female teachers in every department, resulted immediately from it. The authoress was indeed, it is said, obliged for a time to fly her country, and find refuge among the mountains of Switzerland — this, of course, arose from the exceeding truth of the book. In a little while, the truth began to be felt in another way; the noble King and his ministers came forward to assist in the establishment of a female educational institute, and to provide for its being carried out upon the most liberal principles. She lived long enough to see it in admirable working — to know in it the beginning of a change from the old order of things — to find herself beloved of the successive generations of students, and to see in the place of honour,

in the library, her portrait, as, in truth, its founder. But constant successions of incidents show how earnest and practical her character had been, and how beneficial an influence she exercised through many years. In 1853 the cholera left six hundred children, orphaned, and unprovided for. Miss Bremer wrote a letter to the public on behalf of the friendless little ones; the result was immediately all that could be desired; the Queen, now the Queen Dowager, wrote to her among the first; — it was resolved to raise a fund to provide homes for them. All the royal family subscribed liberally; ladies, with detachments of orphans, stood at all the church doors to receive contributions; between thirty and forty thousand rix dollars were speedily raised. From year to year, the numbers, of course, have decreased as the orphans have been launched into life. When Miss Howitt was in Stockholm, about seventy remained of the six hundred, and when they shall have been launched, the work will cease. It is quite rejoicing to know that, with the exception of some few cases of ill-health or natural inability, all seem to have turned out well. Miss Bremer rejoiced in such work; she loved familiarity, — friendship with those to whom the alleviation of the human lot of sorrow was a delight.

There was the "Silent School," as it was called; a little Deaf and Dumb Institution, lying in a remote corner of the city, among old windmills, rocks, and woods, and moorland countries. This blessed asylum, which seems to have been quite a pet among the many affections of our novelist, received from her its designation of the "Silent School;" but it was founded by Jeanette Berglind, a poor cripple herself; also deficient in hearing — an orphan, poor, originally obliged to work for her living, but with an insatiable instinct of desire in her to help the deaf and dumb — a longing dream constantly moved her to try the experiment of such children being placed rather in a home than in a great educational factory. But she was so poor, there seemed no probability that the dream would ever be realized; only she never lost hope, and kept strengthening herself by saying, "God will help me!" For fifteen years, she worked for her living, hoping the vain hope to save money to carry out her idea; then a little property of four hundred riksdalers was left her. Now she thought to begin her long-cherished plan; her friends laughed at her madness — four hundred riksdalers — about twenty pounds, what could they do? She said, "God will help me!" and she hired a

house, and began her wild scheme. For a long time, she was distrusted; but poor and puny children thrived so wonderfully; grew so rosy and active; developed such talent and intelligence beneath her skilful and motherly care, that it grew. When it was in distress, Miss Bremer addressed a letter to the "Talking Children of Sweden on behalf of the Silent School," and it prospered. Miss Howitt met with the teacher of whom Mamsell Berglind said, "that he never tired of telling the children long stories on his fingers." She says, "it seemed a perfect insult to call them deaf and dumb, for every action and movement spoke while they conversed with each other about the subjects of their picture cards, and especially when Miss Bremer produced from an inexhaustible bag she carried with her, her immense supply of ginger-bread nuts, and other childish delights."

There was the little asylum of the *Pauvres Honteuses*; a house Miss Bremer, with the Countess Schwerin and other of her friends, designed for poor and decayed folk; in which, at a very small rent, they were enabled to find some self-contained comfort, and inmates of various grades, beginning with a decayed Countess, live together without bickering or heart-burning; thither on the Christmas Day, which Miss Howitt spent in Stockholm, she went with Miss Bremer, and another friend, who figures very beautifully in the book, Hulda, — laden with pastry, cakes, cherry-wine, and glasses; it was some time before they found themselves right in their search for the entrance to the asylum, an old-fashioned house in Lundtnakare Gatan, till a spruce little woman, with a saucepan in her hand, exclaimed in a shrill voice, "The gentlefolks have come up the wrong way; but if the gentlefolks will have the goodness to go to the door opposite, the gentlefolks will be conducted right!" And then, at last, Miss Bremer's little white hands carved the immense joint, for the Christmas dinner, for the poor gentlefolks — the *pauvres honteuses*. "It's horribly delicious!" exclaimed one lady, in common Stockholm parlance. "It's dreadfully good!" replied another. "All is so diverting, so *galant*!" cried a third. Incongruity of expression, however, does not hinder the perception of the beauty of this feast, not made for the rich neighbours, but for the poor. The fine free mind of Miss Bremer was also interested in the more religious and spiritual activities of her country, and especially those in which women took a part, and Miss Howitt has chronicled the names and deeds of several. There was *Amelie von Braun*,

the author of *Pictures of Christian Life in Our Days*, who sought to reanimate the Swedish Church, and to call it from its coldness and reliance on outward ceremonies. Early converted, she says, "From my tenderest years I have thrown myself upon Jesus alone, nor has any undertaking of mine prospered, in which I have followed human advice, or obeyed the will of others in opposition to the warning of an inner voice." The daughter of a lieutenant-colonel, who was compelled to expend his small means on the education of his sons; Amelie spent the earlier years of her life in spinning, weaving, and perhaps, in scouring a floor. At the age of about thirty-two she began to work quietly among the poor of Carlshamn. Visiting

the lowest cabins of sin and misery, carrying with her a clean cloth and candles. The cloth she spread on a table and the candles she lighted, for to the Swedes clean table-linen and lighted candles convey the idea of the highest rejoicing and festivity. Having done this, made all beautifully impressive and attractive, she then poured out words of divine truth and kindness into the hearts of the poor inmates. She produced in this way such an extraordinary effect, that the poor, wretched people used to clean up their miserable abodes in the hope of her coming that she might see she was expected and made welcome.

For nine years she carried on a large Sunday school. She laboured too amongst the sailors, and the most demoralized class of workmen, and found throughout the experience of her life, men more easy to influence than women.

In 1856 a still more extensive field of labour was opened to her. She came to Stockholm for the purpose of conversing with religious-minded persons, whose views accorded with her own, and especially as regarded certain tendencies which she greatly deplored. Here she was strongly urged to proceed to Dalecarlia, where the church was much shaken. She hesitated at first, for the distance was great and the people strange to her. At length, believing it to be the Divine will, she went there, and talking with the people great numbers thronged to listen. She conversed with them also in private, circulated orthodox works, and was regarded by them as a messenger of God, and at the urgent entreaty of many, returned to them the following year.

From this time forth she became a religious lecturer amongst the poorer orders generally, over whom she exercised great power. With the cultivated classes she could do less; those she intended to benefit by her pen, and that only after her death, for she feared that excessive partiality on one side, and rancour on the other might destroy the wholesome effect at which she aimed.

She had not, strange to say, much influence

with children, but she trusted that felling some great trees little ones might be brought down with them, and rejoiced that there were so many loving women who especially could work amongst the young.

Spite of her simple, unassuming manners, which vanquished the prejudices of many, as might naturally be expected, she met with violent opposition; still, without any effort on her part, as one door of usefulness was closed another opened.

Various clergymen warmly espoused her cause, inviting her to their districts during the great festivals of the Church. She would then, after the conclusion of the service, hold meetings in the summer in the open air. These meetings began with a hymn, in which hundreds of deeply affected voices joined. Her discourses continued for two, sometimes even for three hours, the people listening with rapt attention. Her voice was tenderly persuasive, and as she would describe to them the poor prodigal man or woman returning to the Father's house, often giving them her own experiences, many were the hearts which she won. She exhorted them also to obey the authority of the law, for the Lord's sake, nor did she omit earnest prayer for the Church and its ministers, especially including the pastor of their own parish and his family.

Her journeyings through the woods, and her abode in desolate country cabins, undermined her health, yet she never gave up her work, which she regarded as her calling from God. When not labouring abroad she continued her "Pictures."

During the winter of 1859, she had a fall on the ice, by which she was considerably hurt; nevertheless, though suffering great pain, she continued the journey she was then upon, for eight days longer, preaching for many hours during the day, and sleeping at night in some humble homestead, forgetting, as she says, the pain and uneasiness she endured in the kindness of her sisters in the faith, and the praying, singing, reading, and conversation of her spiritual brothers.

Towards the end of February of the same winter, waiting one Sunday for some friend in a cold churchyard after service, she was chilled, and subsequently preaching in a small, overheated cabin, she became seriously unwell. From this day her last illness dates, and on the 30th of the following month she departed this life, some of her last words being, "My spirit is well — onwards! — onwards! Victory and light! I see now clearly — much more clearly!"

Thus Miss Howitt tells the story of this interesting woman, and the stories of the life of the religious sentiment, and the warmth and enthusiasm it kindled in the hearts of noble women are numerous.

There was the young Lapland maiden and missionary, *Maria Magdalena Mattsdotter*,

who came all the way from her wild Lapland mountains and snows, to Stockholm, to see the King; travelling on her light snowskates three hundred miles to implore him to do something for the education of his people. We are glad to learn that she did not come in vain; herself converted, and comprehending deeply that Christ died for her. At the ordinance of the Lord's supper, she heard a voice saying to her, "For thee! for thee!" then she became conscious that her sins were forgiven, and a spiritual life of intense power possessed her experience. The young woman, who undertook this long journey from the realms where, through many a long winter's night, she had kept solitary watch over her herds of reindeer, to guard them against bears and wolves; and amidst whose starry and snowy solitudes, she had revolved the idea of that long journey for an interview, was only twenty-six years of age. Arrived in Stockholm, it says much for the simplicity of the place, that she soon obtained an audience of the two queens — the Queen Dowager and her daughter-in-law; then an interview with the King followed, in which she laid before him at length the condition of her tribes. He promised her and her tribes his support and his help; and assured of this, she started again upon her homeward journey, skating back as she had skated up from Gefle on her *skidor*, her solitary journey of three hundred miles. Truly, we thank Miss Howitt for giving to us additional accounts of the noble stuff of which womanhood may be made. Involuntarily, as we read this account, we apostrophized the glorious young heroine in the well-known verse of Wordsworth, —

Thy thoughts, thy feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs come nigh,
A melancholy slave.
But an old age, serene, and bright,
And lovely as thy Lapland night,
Shall guide thee to the grave!

Magdalena Mattsdotter came from the depth of interior Lapland snows, but there was also *Mamsell Berg*, another brave young woman, who thought herself roused by the Holy Spirit to go out and teach young Lapland children. She could not get away from the thought that she ought to do it. A clergyman, to whom she spoke upon the matter, wisely counselled her, "endeavour to shake off the feeling; if you cannot, then accept it as a vocation from God, and try it for six months." She said, "If I go, it shall not be for six months, but for three

years." She went, and the three years became seven. She seems also to have been a nobly and simply beautiful creature; she gathered, in the most difficult circumstances, children round her, expending her little property in putting up a school-house for them, and laying in sacks of potatoes, that she might feed the half famishing; learning herself the Laplandish language, and teaching them the Swedish, and discoursing to them about the love of God in such language as this: —

One day when she was telling the children of the love of God. "Our Lord," she said, "is nothing but love. You must not think of Him otherwise. When you read of His angry denunciations in the Bible, you must think that it is His intense love which makes Him speak thus, just as a mother calls out, almost threateningly, when she sees her little child thrusting its hand into the stove, or otherwise running into danger."

There were five young girls in the room, who, overcome with emotion on hearing these words, rushed to the table in the middle of the room and clasping each others' hands across it, exclaimed by one accord, and as it were involuntarily —

"We will always be the Lord's! We will belong to none other!"

"What is it they are doing?" asked a tiny little girl, rushing forward and trying to reach up her small hand. "Whatever it is, I'm in it, I'm in it!"

From that day these five became awakened Christians. Four of them, now grown up, have remained so to this day, but the fifth has fallen away from the faith and love of her early youth.

There was *Sophie Adlersparre*, but she was of another order of women. We confess never to have heard of her before. She belongs rather to the region of holy art — a kind of *Sieur Angelica* — and though she had in her character many of the elements we have seen manifested in Amelie von Braun, Miss Howitt thinks she sees in her a type of the average woman of the North, with its stern primeval rocks and pine forests, stoical in itself, and stamping a stoical character upon its children. Sophie Adlersparre was reserved, timid, and blunt in her manners. A world of tenderness, from the development of which she shrunk, was little known as belonging to her until after her death. She was able to despise pain, worship truth, and practice art as a divine vocation, for the purpose of elevating her fellow-creatures. After her death a diary was discovered — a kind of touching letters, written to the All-merci-

ful God. Thus when she was five-and-twenty, April 9th, 1833, she writes:—

"I am miserable. I feel an indescribable inquietude. I am conscious of a gnawing at my heart, like that of a silkworm consuming a mulberry-leaf. Whence this unrest, this deep anguish? Alas! because I am so different to what I desire to be. Oh, my God! my God! make me better. Let me be of service to my fellow-beings. Few can desire this more deeply, more intensely than I do, yet how far behind the generality do I stand in this respect! How repugnant I must be when all stand aloof. Yet I feel so warmly towards all! The least kindness makes me inexpressibly happy; the least coldness, even from one to whom I am indifferent, compresses my heart as with a band of iron. Alas! that I cannot dispense with human love and sympathy, knowing, as I do, that I have a Father in Heaven who knows all my thoughts and feelings, and who will never cease to love His weak, erring child. Dear Lord, my love, my gratitude to Thee is boundless. . . . Grant me strength entirely to consecrate my life to Thee. My only desire, my only wish here, is to work for Thy kingdom."

Her especial gift as a painter was not in original composition, but in wonderful copies of the greatest of the Italian masters. All the great women of Sweden of the present day seem to have been characterized by earnest and deep piety. Even Jenny Lind, in her earliest days, and before she left Sweden, was a warm devotee and supporter of what was called the "Läsare Movement;" an earnest and extreme Evangelicalism which made a great sensation, many years since, in Stockholm. Sophie Adlersparre also attached herself to this intense profession, but it seems to have been unable to meet and fulfil the wants of her fine and tender nature. The exterior crust of her being seemed, as we have implied, hard. She entered into the life of prayer-meetings and the religious routine which characterized the "Läsare" people; but on every side she seemed to feel the chill and coldness of that character, which, on the other hand, was also attributed to her, until the dream of her life was fulfilled, and she was able to visit Italy; and she, who had been accustomed to coldness, met with a cordial warmth which astonished her. In the kindness she received from the highest cardinals and princes of Rome, and even from the Pope himself, she thought she saw not only the poetry and beauty of the Church, but the communion of the faithful; and at last she joined her-

self to the Church of Rome. She left the Papal city loaded with honours and presents; bearing also, an autograph letter from the Pope, earnestly desiring her welfare; but reached her own country and city, only to find herself shunned and despised; to sink to sorrow and want, and, after a long illness, to die, yet, as she had lived, in child-like dependence in God. Her paintings are highly honoured, and seem to be among the chief ornaments of some of the galleries of Stockholm; and, after her death, her character seems to have revealed a loveliness and beauty never suspected in her life. Such names as these show the mental and moral wealth of this noble little kingdom; indeed Miss Howitt's volumes will remind the reader of the many names calculated to inspire profound respect. We do not know enough of the masterly intelligences of this country; yet the "Frithiof's Saga," of Bishop Tegnér — at any rate well known to all our readers by Longfellow's translation of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," — is one of the most remarkable poems of our age, as Geijer is one of the most celebrated historians; while the sweet and pathetic groups of Tidemand, have won their way by the subject, the colouring, and the human character they develop, to every heart whose eyes have glanced on his canvases. The last kings of Sweden have all been something more than the patrons of literature. King Oscar, while he published works, related, we believe, exclusively to the political and moral well-being of his country, possessed a fine and almost universal taste. The present King is a very accomplished painter; and, if we may trust such translations we have seen, a very charming poet. When Miss Howitt was introduced by Miss Bremer to his mother, the Queen Dowager, the Queen, not unnaturally conversed with pride of the poetry of her son, and expressed a wish, that if Mary Howitt, whose efforts to familiarize the English mind with Swedish literature are highly appreciated by the royal family, should translate any of the King's poems, she especially hoped, that among the translated, might be "The Farewell to Drottningholm," and "The Heart's Home." Our accomplished English poet has effected the translation of both, and they are appropriately included in these volumes; and certainly they are beautiful and interesting in themselves, apart from their interest, as specimens of kindly verse. We quote entire:—

THE HEART'S HOME.

Where is thy home? Thus to my heart appealing

I spake. Say thou who hast had part
In all my inmost being's deepest feeling,
Where is thy proper home? Tell me, my heart?

Is it where peaceful groves invite to leisure,
And silvery brooklets lapse in easy measure?
No, no! my heart responded, No!

Where is thy home? Amid the tempest's anger,

And torrents leaping wild from rock to rock,
Where the bold hunter finds delight in danger,
And bleeding victims fall beneath his stroke?
Or is it 'mid the artillery's thundering rattle,
The clash of swords, the roar and rush of battle?

Calmy my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Perchance where tropic splendour,

In golden luxury of light, calls forth
The purple grape; perchance, 'midst roses tender

Thou revellest in the beauty of the South.
Is that thy home, beneath the palm-tree shadows,

And ever-verdant summer's flowery meadows?
Still, still my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Is it 'mid icebergs hoary,

The crags and snow-fields of the Arctic strand,
Where the midsummer's midnight sees the glory

Of sunset and of sunrise, hand in hand,
Where 'twixt the fir-trees gleams the snow-drift's whiteness,

And starry night flames with auroral brightness?

But still my whispering heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Is it within *her* presence,

Whose heart responsive pulses to thy love,
Who taught of suffering the divinest essence,
When hope was dead in life's sweet myrtle grove?

Is that the home — the home of tender feeling?
It must be so; hence all this fond concealing!

But plaintively my heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Say if perchance it lieth

In that prefigured land of love and light,
Whither, they say, the soul enfranchised flieth
When earthly bonds no longer check her flight?

Is there thy home? The unknown realms elysian

Which shine beyond the stars, a heavenly vision?

Then first my heart made answer, Yes!

There is my home, it said, with quick emotion;
My primal home, to which I am akin.
Though thou hast kindled fires for my devotion,

Yet I forget not Heaven's pure flame within.
Amidst the ashes still a spark surviveth,
Which ever yearneth heavenward, ever striveth
To be with God. There is my home!

Drottningholm is a sort of Swedish Versailles, at present the palace of the Queen Dowager. *The Farewell* may, perhaps, have been written, when the King was called to leave behind him the scenes of merry rural peace and enjoyment, and to assume the sceptre. We extract a few verses from the

AUTUMN FAREWELL TO DROTTNINGHOLM.

The glorious summer sun already leaneth

Towards distant lands, and that resplendent glow

Which, late at eve, flamed upward to the zenith,

No longer now the northern fields shall know.

And wood and mead, which in their vernal gladness,

Laughed out to man beneath the azure sky,
Stand wan and sere, and clouds weep tears of sadness,

And even the little birds sit silent by.

Yet still how gratefully my memory treasures
The lovely peace of each sweet summer day,

When heaven itself brought down to earth its pleasures,

And winds their warfare changed to merry play;

When flowers sent up their offering of sweetness,

As incense to the God of day and night,
And lifted to the sun their fair completeness,

Obedient to the holy law of light.

But all, alas! on earth is transitory,

And laughter changes soon to sorrow's tear,
As the green herb, anon, forgoes its glory,

So man advances onward to his bier.
Yet if the faithful heart have kept in clearness

The sunny moments of the passing day,
Still shall they cast amidst autumnal dreariness

Of the lost summer a surviving ray.

* * * * *

Farewell, thou lovely scene! The heart's deep feeling

Gives forth these accents of my parting song!
Yet thou in memory wilt be sorrow's healing,

And speed the mournful winter night along;
I'll think of thee when Autumn fogs are glooming,

Oh! Drottningholm, for still thy sun will shine;

Thou art to me in every season blooming,
And peaceful lilies round thy name entwine !

Thus, our readers will perceive, what many-coloured interests pervade these light, lively, entertaining, and instructive volumes ; whether Miss Howitt conducts us to her lodgings with the bright Jenny, or to admire the tactics of that wonderful type of an adroit and bustling Swedish housewife, the Fru Knutsson, or whether she kindly takes us for a walk, among the queer and charming old mills, or to the Ridderholm, or Knight's Island, with its church, " a casket containing the mouldering pomp of kings, nobles, and knights ; " the death of Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII., and Bernadotte, and Oscar — & the pleasure-garden, with its wonderful view on the top of Moseback — or whether she points our attention to the picturesque dresses of the Dalecarlian peasants, who, indeed, with many such people, are realized in graphic little cuts in her pages ; or, whether she tells an incidental story, like the following of the Baron Wrede :

We passed on our way a grand mansion with wings, now used as an almshouse, connected with which is a curious story, which Tante Fredrika related to me, and which again has reference to the Wredes.

The present Baron had a gallant ancestor, Henry Wrede, who fought with his king in the battle of Kerckholm, in 1505, against the Poles. Seeing his sovereign unhorsed and in danger, he leapt from his charger, which he insisted on the king mounting, and so doing he escaped, but Wrede was killed. The king, deeply affected by the gallant devotion of his follower, immediately settled a large estate in Finland upon his widow and her children. The poor lady, however, overcome by the sense of her loss, flung back the deed of gift, exclaiming, " Keep your lands, your majesty, but give me back my husband ! "

The estate, however, was settled on the family, and there they lived for some generations, until, on some emergency, the deeds being required they could not be found, and the family, then reduced to poverty, were compelled to leave. This was as far back as the great-grand-mother of the present Baron, and she being with her family in Stockholm, was obliged to make gloves for their support. She was an excellent woman, and Heaven rewarded her for her noble industry. One night she dreamed that the lost deeds were still extant, and might be found by search in this grand old mansion, in which the noble De la Gardie family then lived. Her husband could not believe it. Again she dreamed the same dream, and yet a third time, after which he consented to go and make inquiries. When he went he found, to his astonishment, that the De la Gardies were

gone, and that the house was unoccupied, and to let. This was fortunate for him, and he made a careful search through all the principal rooms, but to no effect. He believed now of a truth, as he had done before, that the dreams were a foolish delusion. He went, however, up into the garrets, which were empty, and in a fit of desperation, if under no other impulse, thrust his arm up the funnel of a stove. Here to his infinite amazement, he perceived something, which, taking hold of, he pulled down and discovered to be a bundle of parchments. On opening them, incredible as it may seem, the lost royal deed of gift lay before him. The estate was by this means recovered, and the present Wrede family owe the restoration of their wealth to the dreams of their hard-working ancestress.

Or, whether we go with her to mingle in the crowd, when the King dissolves his Diet : —

Courtiers in gorgeous attire appear behind the silver chair, music floats forth from the gallery, the vast assembly rises *en masse*, and a stately figure in crimson velvet, glittering with gold, ascends the throne. His long, costly train carefully arranged over the back of the chair, forms a rich crimson back-ground ; on his head glitters, sparkles a bejewelled crown ; splendid insignia beam forth as they repose on the pure ermine mantle which envelopes the shoulders. A golden sceptre is swayed in the delicately white-gloved right hand. It is all so brilliantly magnificent, that it is difficult for the mind to admit the idea, that the centre of all this pomp and glory should be a human soul, weak and naked in itself, yet yearning after the imperishable glory of a still higher life. Yet so it is ; and he who sits there in all his supremacy of outward splendour, has spoken from the depths of his own heart :

" Though earthly fires may call forth my devotion,

Yet I forget not Heaven's pure flame within !
Amidst the ashes still a spark surviveth,
Which ever yearneth heavenward, ever striveth
To be with God, who is my home."

Or, in the Swedish academy, whence, at its annual meeting, she had the honour to receive a silver medal for her mother ; in recognition of the good services she had done, by introducing Miss Bremer's works to the English nation ; or whether we are with her in the really Christmas-ish Christmas she spent, when sledges were speeding over the snow, now ground to fine grey powder. Men and women hurrying along with their Christmas parcels. The Great Square, with its illuminated booths, lighted by their tallow candles ; and Prince Oscar's palace all ablaze with the festivities for his little folks,

who had not *one* Christmas-tree, but a whole grove, ranged round the splendid apartment; while all the churches, and even in the loneliest country-places, were aflame with myriads of yule candles; or, happy peasants, on the joyous morning, forgetting the badness of the past year's rye and potato harvest, or scarcity of labour, were starting from their lighted-up little cottages, in the dark pine woods, speeding along, in their humble sledges, with their merry ringing bells, over the crisp snow, joining other humble sledges, all bound for the church, shining out across the great white sea! Then comes summer, and she takes us to visit Upsala, and a very delightful visit we pay to the old deserted city and its University, where Miss Howitt picked up the following story, which is so pleasant and good, that it is one of the stories which ought to be true, although it is by no means new:—

There was, in the early part of this century, a young student lately come to Upsala, the son of a poor widow, who was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning. As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the Governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess.

Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed, "I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!"

His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said, "It is impossible! Thou, an utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare. It is too absurd to think of."

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say," returned the other.

The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that so far from succeeding, he would not even venture to propose such a thing.

Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and politely addressing them, they stopped, on which, in a modest and straightforward manner, he said, speaking to the Governor's daughter, "It entirely rests with Fröken to make my fortune."

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed. "I am a poor student," said he, "the son of a widow. If Fröken would condescend to give me a kiss, I should win a large sum of money, which, enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety."

If success depend on so small a thing," said the innocent girl, "I can but comply;" and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother.

Without a thought of wrong-doing, the young girl went to church, and afterwards told her father of the encounter.

The next day, the Governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxious to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his

daughter. But the young man's modest demeanour at once favourably impressed him. He heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited him to dine at the castle twice a week.

In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is, at the present day, one of the most celebrated Swedish philologists. His amiable wife died a few years since.

The accounts of the doings at Upsala, are enough to make every mouth water for a visit to such scenes, to people so hospitable and simple, and students at once so pure and so gallant. The coffee is richly aromatic, even on these pages; the raspberry vinegar is delicious; and what a delicious night that, when the seven or eight white caps serenaded the young strangers, while the cathedral clock was melodiously chiming; the river plaintively murmuring over its stony bed; and, then, through what we do not wonder she calls "a quiet and delicious night." Oh, Miss Howitt, "in such a night!"—the sound of clear, youthful, harmonious voices, striking up a beautiful melody through the still air. And our young authoress says, "it was a charming scene, a little bit of the real poetry of life, and I enjoyed it with my whole soul." From Upsala she went to Arsta, Miss Bremer's early home; the house she had indeed let, but seemed to retain rooms enough of the vast old mansion for herself and her friend. Here was a picture of Swedish life, and Miss Bremer's life from another side. The free, beautiful, primitive country simplicity, with all that goes to make up the successions of country interests and changes; and here we seem again, to be brought naturally back to Miss Bremer, with whom, indeed, the sun was setting, and very shortly after, the bright period, which we can well believe to be ineffaceable in the memory of Miss Howitt, Miss Bremer's "My dearest Margaret, your old, cordially loving, and sisterly friend,"—came the time of separation—and in the course of a brief period; when Miss Howitt was with her at Arsta, Miss Bremer had a strong persuasion that her career would close within three years, and it was so. Dear friends and attached domestics were leaving her; her noble and glorious friend, Lotten Vennberg, a noble type of noblest womanhood; of whom, a pretty lengthy account is given in these pages, and another intimate friend, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden. With these lives, too, closed another, in quite a different walk—

her simple, pious, reverential old coachman, Carl Adolfsson; he said "he was willing to go, but he thought he ought to have lived to drive Mamsell Bremer back to Arsta." Her country of Finland repeatedly sent to her, earnestly imploring a visit. Great demonstrations had taken place more than once, under the idea that she had landed in the country; but the visit had been postponed, and now it would have to be postponed altogether. She returned to Arsta to spend her Christmas, in 1865. She celebrated it with thirty poor children belonging to the estate, danced with them round the Christmas tree, gave them her presents, and then talked to them a little on the meaning and significance of Christmas. Then, in the family circle, she read for the last time, some of Hans Andersen's stories, and after that left the dining-room never to enter it again. Next day, indeed, she went, delighted to see the illuminated church, but she took cold coming out. The last words and last actions of this beautiful woman were all in harmony with her lovely and useful life. A little before her death, she had said, "I am so tired that if God were to call me, I am content;" and again, "My soul is in the right place, but still there is combat;" and again, "The love of Christ is great, immensely great!" The fifth morning after Christmas-day, the morning moon came forth from dark clouds and poured its soft light on the still face, just gathered into the fixedness of its last sleep. They decorated the chamber in which she died with creepers and flowers in pots, and all hands in the neighbourhood were wreathing green leaves, and white everlastings for the coffin. Upon the coffin they placed the inscription, "Blessed are

the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That day on which she died, the text, in her little book of texts and promises of Scripture, bearing the beautiful title of "Golden Corn" was, "There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever." She was buried in the old church of her early days, Osterhanninge. It would be idle to say that all highest honour was done to her remains; there were pathetic circumstances, more touching than the highest honours could be. As the coffin entered the church, the choir sang the Lutheran hymn,—

Oh, day of hope whose dawn begins.

Then, after the pastor's address, her own favourite "Hosianna," followed by another Lutheran hymn,—

I go towards death where'er I go.

Innumerable poor people sent chaplets of laurel and cypress; but the most touching, it seems to us, was a wreath of white camellias, sent by the poor children of "the Silent School." A number of girls from the Seminarium laid upon the coffin their bouquets of flowers; the coffin at last was hidden—was covered with flowers, and although it was long before the grave was closed, in the long procession, all eyes desired to strain down for a glance. At last it was done; even then, ten poor children, from the final rear of the procession, pressed forward and laid their wreaths on the grave!

We regret to announce the death of the veteran Professor of History of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, George Lillie Craik, LL.D. It was not altogether unexpected, as Professor Craik had suffered from ill-health for a long time. The deceased was borne in Fife in the year 1790, and was, therefore, in his 67th year. In 1849 he was appointed Professor of History and English Literature

in the Queen's College, Belfast. Among his works are the "Pictorial History of England;" "Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Elizabeth," 6 vols.; "Outlines of the History of the English Language;" and the "Romance of the Peerage," 4 vols.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Cottage changed its aspect greatly after the arrival of the regiment, and it was a change which lasted a long time, for the dépôt was established at Carlisle, and Captain Askell got an appointment which smoothed the stony way of life a little for himself and his wife. Kirtell was very accessible and very pretty, and there was always a welcome to be had at the Cottage; and the regiment returned in the twinkling of an eye to its old regard for its Madonna Mary. The officers came about the house continually, to the great enlivenment of the parish in general. And Mrs. Kirkman came, and very soon made out that the vicar and his curate were both very incompetent, and did what she could to form a missionary nucleus, if not under Mrs. Ochterlony's wing, at least protected by her shadow; and the little Askells came and luxuriated in the grass and the flowers; and Miss Sorbette and the doctor, who were still on the strength of the regiment, paid many visits, bringing with them the new people whom Mary did not know. When Hugh and Islay came home at vacation times, they found the house so lively, that it acquired new attractions for them, and Aunt Agatha, who was not so old as to be quite indifferent to society, said to herself with natural sophistry, that it was very good for the boys, and made them happier than two solitary women could have done by themselves, which no doubt was true. As for Mrs. Ochterlony herself, she said frankly that she was glad to see her friends; she liked to receive them in her own house. She had been rather poor in India, and not able to entertain them very splendidly; and though she was poor still, and the Cottage was a very modest little dwelling-place, it could receive the visitors, and give them pleasant welcome, and a pleasant meal, and pleasant faces, and cheerful companionship. Mrs. Ochterlony was not yet old, and she had lived a quiet life of late, so peaceful that the incipient wrinkles which life had outlined in her face, had been filled up and smoothed out by quietness. She was in perfect health, and her eyes were bright, and her complexion sweet, and her hair still gave out by times a golden gleam out of its brown masses. The gold had not turned as yet to silver, but with all this she did not look preternaturally young, but carried all the dignity of her age in her serious matronly beauty. Emma Askell with her usual vehemence, knowing nothing whatever about the matter, declared that she was more Madonna Mary than ever, for there had always been a cer-

tain amplitude and repose about her, and her attractions had always been emphatically those of a matron. Mary had nothing to fret her, and tranquillity surrounded her on every side. No wonder then that her old friends saw little or no change in her, and that her new ones admired her as much as she had ever been admired in her best days. Some women are sweet by means of being helpless, and fragile, and tender; and some have a loftier charm by reason of their veiled strength and composure, and calm of self-possession. Mary was one of the last: she was a woman not to lean, but to be leant upon; soft with a touch like velvet, and yet as steady as a rock—a kind of beauty which wears long, and does not spoil even by growing old.

It was a state of affairs very agreeable to everybody in the place, except, perhaps, to Will, who was very jealous of his mother. Hugh and Islay when they came home took it all for granted; in an open-hearted boyish way, and were no more afraid of anything Mrs. Ochterlony might do, than for their own existence. But Will was always there. He haunted the drawing-room, whoever might be in it at the moment; and yet—though to Aunt Agatha's consciousness, the boy was never absent from the big Indian chair in the corner—he was at the same time always ready to pursue his curate to the very verge of that poor gentleman's knowledge, and give him all the excitement of a hairbreadth 'scape ten times in a morning. Nobody could tell when he learned his lessons, or what time he had for study—for there he was always, taking in everything, and making comments in his own mind, and now and then interposing in the conversation to Aunt Agatha's indignation. Mary would not see it, she said; Mary thought that all her boys did was right—which was, perhaps, to some extent true; and it was said in the neighbourhood, as was natural, that so many gentlemen did not come to the Cottage for nothing; that Mrs. Ochterlony was still a young woman; that she had devoted herself to the boys for a long time, and that if she were to marry again, nobody could have any right to object. Such reports spring up in the country so easily, either with or without foundation: and Wilfrid who found out everything, heard them, and grew very watchful and jealous, and even doubtful of his mother. Should such an idea have entered into *her* head, the boy felt that he would despise her; and yet at the same time he was very fond of her and filled with unbounded jealousy. While all the time, Mary herself was very glad to see her friends, and,

perhaps, was not entirely unconscious of exciting a certain respectful admiration, but had as little idea of severing herself from her past life, and making a new fictitious beginning, as if she had been eighty; and it never occurred to her to imagine that she was watched or doubted by her boy.

It was a pleasant revival, but it had its drawbacks—for one thing, Aunt Agatha did not, as she said, get on with all Mary's friends. There was between Miss Seton and Mrs. Kirkman an enmity which was to the death. The Colonel's wife, though she might be, as became her position, a good enough conservative in secular politics, was a revolutionary, or more than a revolutionary, an iconoclast, in matters ecclesiastical. She had no respect for anything, Aunt Agatha thought. A woman who works under the proper authorities, and reveres her clergyman, is a woman to be regarded with certain respect, even if she is sometimes zealous out of season: but when she sets up on her own foundation, and sighs over the shortcomings of the clergy, and believes in neither rector nor curate, then the whole aspect of affairs is changed. "She believes in nobody but herself," Aunt Agatha said; "she has no respect for anything. I wonder how you can put up with such a woman, Mary. She talks to our good vicar as if he were a boy at school—and tells him how to manage the parish. If that is the kind of person you think a good woman, I have no wish to be good, for my part. She is quite insufferable to me"—

"She is often disagreeable," said Mary, "but I am sure she is good at the bottom of her heart."

"I don't know anything about the bottom of her heart," said Aunt Agatha; "from all one can see of the surface, it must be a very unpleasant place. And then that useless Mrs. Askell; she is quite strong enough to talk to the gentlemen and amuse them, but as for taking a little pains to do her duty, or look after her children—I must say I am surprised at your friends. A soldier's life is trying, I suppose," Miss Seton added. "I have always heard it was trying; but the gentlemen should be the ones to feel it most, and they are not spoiled. The gentlemen are very nice—most of them," Aunt Agatha added with a little hesitation, for there was one whom she regarded as Wilfred did with jealous eyes.

"The gentlemen are further off, and we do not see them so clearly," said Mary; "and if you knew what it is to wander about, to have no settled home, and to be ailing and poor—"

"My dear love," said Aunt Agatha, with a little impatience, "you might have been as poor, and you never would have been like that; and as for sick—You know I never thought you had a very strong constitution—nor your sister either—my pretty Winnie! Do you think that sickness, or poverty, or anything else, could ever have brought down Winnie to be like that silly little woman?"

"Hush," said Mary, "Nelly is in the garden, and might hear."

"Nelly!" said Aunt Agatha, who felt herself suddenly pulled up short. "I have nothing to say against Nelly, I am sure. I could not help thinking last night, that some of these days she would make a nice wife for one of the boys. She is quite beginning to grow up now, poor dear. When I see her sitting there it makes me think of my Winnie;—not that she will ever be beautiful like Winnie. But Mary, my dear love, I don't think you are kind to me. I am sure you must have heard a great deal about Winnie, especially since she has come back to England, and you never tell me a word."

"My dear aunt," said Mary, with a little embarrassment, "you see all these people as much as I do; and I have heard them telling you what news of her they know."

"Ah, yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a sigh. "They tell me she is here or there, but I know that from her letters: what I want to know is, something about her, how she looks, and if she is happy. She never *says* she is not happy, you know. Dear, dear! to think she must be past thirty now—two-and-thirty her last birthday—and she was only eighteen when she went away. You were not so long away, Mary"—

"But Winnie has not had any reason for coming back upon your hands, Aunt Agatha," said Mrs. Ochterlony, gravely.

"No," said Aunt Agatha: and again she sighed; and this time the sigh was of a kind which did not sound very complimentary to Captain Percival. It seemed to say "More's the pity!" Winnie had never come back to see the kind aunt who had been a mother to her. She said in her letters how unlucky she was, and that they were to be driven all round the world, she thought, and never to have any rest; but no doubt, if Winnie had been very anxious, she might have found means to come home. And the years were creeping on imperceptibly, and the boys growing up—even Will, who was now almost as tall as his brothers. When such a change had come upon these children, what a change must there be in the wilful,

sprightly, beautiful girl whose image reigned supreme in Aunt Agatha's heart. A sudden thought struck the old lady as she sighed. The little Askells were at Kirtell at the moment with the nurse, whom their mother was now able to keep for them, and Nelly, who was more than ever the mother of the little party. Aunt Agatha sat still for a little with her heart beating, and then she took up her work in a soft stealthy way and went out into the garden. "No, my dear, oh no, don't disturb yourself," she said, with anxious deprecation to Mary, who would have risen too, "I am only going to look at the lilies;" and she was so conscientious that she did go and cast an undiscerning, preoccupied glance upon the lilies, though her real attraction was quite in an opposite quarter. At the other side, audible but not visible, was a little group which was pretty to look at in the afternoon sunshine. It was outside the garden, on the other side of the hedge, in the pretty green field, all white and yellow with butter cups and daisies, which belonged to the Cottage. Miss Seton's mild cow had not been able to crop down all that flowery, fragrant growth, and the little Askells were wading in it, up to their knees in the cool sweet grass, and feeding upon it and drawing nourishment out of it almost as much as the cow did. But in the corner close by the garden hedge there was a more advanced development of youthful existence. Nelly was seated on the grass, working with all her might, yet pausing now and then to lift her serious eyes to Will, who leant upon an old stump of oak which projected out of the hedge, and had the conversation all in his own hands. He was doing what a boy under such circumstances loves to do; he was startling, shocking, frightening his companion. He was saying a great deal that he meant and some things that he did not mean, and taking a great secret pleasure in the widening of Nelly's eyes and the consternation of her face. Will had grown into a very long lank boy, with joints which were as awkward as his brother's used to be, yet not in the same way, for the limbs that completed them were thin and meagre, and had not the vigour of Hugh's. His trousers were too short for him, and so were his sleeves. His hair had no curls in it, and fell down over his forehead. He was nearly sixteen, and he was thoroughly discontented—a misanthrope displeased with everything without knowing why. But time had been kinder to Nelly, who was not long and lean like her companion, but little and round and blooming, with the soft outlines and the fresh bloom of earliest youth just emerging

out of childhood. Her eyes were brown, very serious and sweet—eyes that had "seen trouble," and knew a great many more things in the world than were dreamt of in Will's philosophy; but then she was not so clever as Will, and his talk confused her. She was looking up to him and taking all in with a mixture of willing faith and instinctive scepticism which it was curious to see.

"You two are always together, I think," said Aunt Agatha, putting down a little camp-stool she had in her hand beside Nelly, for she had passed the age when people think of sitting on the grass. "What are you talking about? I suppose he brings all his troubles to you."

"Oh, no," said Nelly, with a blush, which was on Aunt Agatha's account, and not on Will's. He was a little older than herself actually; but Nelly was an experienced woman, and could not but look down amiably on such an unexercised inhabitant of the world as "only a boy."

"Then I suppose, my dear, he must talk to you about Greek and Latin," said Aunt Agatha, "which is a thing young ladies don't much care for: I am very sure old ladies don't. Is that what you talk about?"

"Oh, yes, often," said Nelly, brightening, as she looked at Will. That was not the sort of talk they had been having, but still it was true.

"Well," said Miss Seton, "I am sure he will go on talking as long as you will listen to him. But he must not have you all to himself. Did he tell you Hugh was coming home to see us? We expect him next week."

"Yes," said Nelly, who was not much of a talker. And then, being a little ashamed of her taciturnity, she added, "I am sure Mrs. Ochterlony will be glad."

"We shall all be glad," said Aunt Agatha. "Hugh is very nice. We must have you to see a little more of him this time; I am sure you would like him. Then you will be well acquainted with all our family," the old lady continued, artfully approaching her real object; "for you know my dear Winnie, I think—I ought to say, Mrs. Percival; she is the dearest girl that ever was. You must have met her, my dear—abroad."

Nelly looked up a little surprised. "We knew Mrs. Percival," she said, "but she—was not a girl at all. She was as old—as old as mamma—like all the other ladies," she added, hastily; for the word girl had limited meanings to Nelly, and she would have laughed at its application in such a case, if she had not been a natural gentle-

woman with the finest manners in the world.

"Ah, yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a sigh, "I forget how time goes; and she will always be a girl to me: but she was very beautiful, all the same; and she had such a way with children. Were you very fond of her, Nelly? Because, if that were so, I should love you more and more."

Nelly looked up with a frightened, puzzled look in Aunt Agatha's eyes. She was very soft-hearted, and had been used to give in to other people all her life; and she almost felt as if, for Aunt Agatha's sake, she could persuade herself that she had been fond of Mrs. Percival; but yet at the same time honesty went above all. "I do not think we knew them very well," she said. "I don't think mamma was very intimate with Mrs. Percival; that is, I don't think papa liked *him*," added Nelly, with natural art.

Aunt Agatha gave another sigh. "That might be, my dear," she said, with a little sadness; "but even when gentlemen don't take to each other, it is a great pity when it acts upon their families. Some of our friends here even were not fond at first of Captain Percival, but for my darling Winnie's sake — You must have seen her often at least; I wonder I never thought of asking you before. She was so beautiful, with such lovely hair, and the sweetest complexion. Was she looking well — and — and happy?" asked Aunt Agatha, growing anxious as she spoke, and looking into Nelly's face.

It was rather hard upon Nelly, who was one of those true women, young as she was, who can see what other women mean when they put such questions, and hear the heart beat under the words. Nelly had heard a great deal of talk in her day, and knew things about Mrs. Percival that would have made Aunt Agatha's hair stand on end with horror. But her heart understood the other heart, and could not have breathed a whisper that would wound it, for the world.

"I was such a little thing," said Nelly; "and then I always had the little ones to look after — mamma was so delicate. I remember the people's names more than themselves."

"You have always been a very good girl, I am sure," said Aunt Agatha, giving her young companion a sudden kiss, and with perhaps a faint instinctive sense of Nelly's forbearance and womanful skill in avoiding a difficult subject; but she sighed once more as she did it, and wondered to herself whether nobody would ever speak to her

freely and fully of her child. And silence ensued, for she had not the heart to ask more questions. Will, who had not found the conversation amusing, had gone in to find his mother, with a feeling that it was not quite safe to leave her alone, which had something to do with his frequent presence in the drawing-room; so that the old lady and Nelly were left alone in the corner of the fragrant field. The girl went on with her work, but Aunt Agatha, who was seated on her camp-stool, with her back against the oak stump, let her knitting fall upon her knee, and her eyes wander into vacancy with a wistful look of abstraction that was not natural to them. Nelly, who did not know what to say, and yet would have given a great deal to be able to say something, watched her from under the shadow of her curls, and at last saw Miss Seton's abstract eyes brighten up and wake into attention and life. Nelly looked round, and her impulse was to jump up in alarm when she saw it was her own mother who was approaching — her mother, whom Nelly had a kind of adoration for as a creature of divine helplessness, for whom everything had to be done, but in whose judgment she had an instinctive want of confidence. She jumped up and called to the children on the spur of this sudden impulse: "Oh! here is mamma, we must go in," cried Nelly; and it gave her positive pain to see that Miss Seton's attitude remained unchanged, and that she had no intention of being disturbed by Mrs. Askell's coming.

"Oh how deliciously comfortable you are here," cried Emma, throwing herself down on the grass. "I came out to have a little fresh air and see after those tiresome children. I am sure they have been teasing you all day long; Nelly is not half severe enough, and nurse spoils them; and after a day in the open air like this, they make my head like to split when they come home at night."

"They have not been teasing me," said Aunt Agatha; "they have been very good, and I have been sitting here for a long time talking to Nelly. I wanted her to tell me something about my dear child, Mary's only sister — Mrs. Percival, you know."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Askell, making a troubled pause, — "and I hope to goodness you did not tell Miss Seton anything that was unpleasant," she said sharply, turning to Nelly. "You must not mind anything she said," the foolish little woman added; "she was only a child and she did not know. You should have asked me."

"What could there be that was not pleas-

ant?" cried Aunt Agatha. "If there is anything unpleasant that can be said about my Winnie, that is precisely what I ought to hear."

"Mamma!" cried Nelly, in what was intended to be a whisper of warning, though her anxiety made it shrill and audible. But Emma was not a woman to be kept back.

"Goodness, child, you have pulled my dress out of the gathers," she said. "Do you think I don't know what I am talking about? When I say unpleasant I am sure I don't mean anything serious; I mean only, you know, that—and then her husband is such a man—I am sure I don't wonder at it, for my part."

"What is it your mamma does not wonder at, Nelly?" said Aunt Agatha, who had turned white and cold, and leaned back all feeble and broken upon the old tree.

"Her husband neglected her shamefully," said Emma; "it was a great sin for her friends to let her marry him; I am sure Mrs. Ochterlony knew what a dreadful character he had. And, poor thing, when she found herself so deserted—Askell would never let me see much of her, and I had always such wretched health; but I always stood up for Mrs. Percival. She was young, and she had nobody to stand by her"—

"Oh, mamma," cried Nelly, "don't you see what you are doing? I think she is going to faint—and it will be all our fault."

"Oh, no; I am not going to faint," said Aunt Agatha, feebly; but when she laid back her head upon Nelly's shoulder, who had come to support her, and closed her eyes, she was like death, so pale did she look and ghastly; and then Mrs. Askell in her turn took fright.

"Goodness gracious! run and get some water, Will," she cried to Wilfrid, who had rejoined them. "I am sure there was nothing in what I said to make anybody faint. She was talked about a little, that was all—there was no harm in it. We have all been talked about, sometime or other. Why, fancy what a talk there was about our Madonna, her very self."

"About my mother?" said Wilfrid, standing bolt upright between Aunt Agatha, in her half swoon, and silly little Emma, who sat, a heap of muslin and ribbons upon the grass. He had managed to hear more about Mrs. Percival than anybody knew, and was very indifferent on the subject. And he was not alarmed about Aunt Agatha; but he was jealous of his mother, and could not bear even the smallest whisper in which there was any allusion to her.

"Goodness, boy, run and get some water!" cried Mrs. Askell, jumping up from the grass in her fright. "I did not mean anything; there was nothing to be put out about—indeed there was not, Miss Seton. It was only a little silly talk; what happens to us all, you know: not half, nor quarter part so bad as—Oh, goodness gracious, Nelly, don't make those ridiculous signs, as if it was you that was my mother, and I did not know what to say."

"Will!" said Nelly. Her voice was perfectly quiet and steady, but it made him start as he stood there jealous, and curious, and careless of everybody else. When he met her eye, he grew red and frowned, and made a momentary stand against her; but the next moment turned resolutely and went away. If it was for water, Aunt Agatha did not need it. She came to herself without any restorative; and she kissed Nelly, who had been whispering in her ear. "Yes, my dear, I know you are right—it could have been nothing," she said faintly, with a wan sort of smile; "but I am not very strong, and the heat, you know"—And when she got up, she took the girl's arm, to steady her. Thus they went back to the house, Mrs. Askell following, holding up her hands in amazement and self-justification. "Could I tell that she was so weak?" Emma said to herself. "Goodness gracious, how could anybody say it was my fault?" As for Nelly, she said nothing; but supported her trembling companion, and held the soft old hand firm on her arm. And when they approached the house Nelly, carried away by her feelings, did, what in full possession of herself she never would have done. She bent down to Aunt Agatha's ear—for though she was not tall, she was a little taller at that moment than the poor old lady who was bowed down with weakness and the blow she had just received. "Mamma says things without meaning them," said Nelly, with an undutiful frankness, which it is to be hoped was forgiven her. "She does not mean any harm, and sometimes she says whatever comes into her head."

"Yes, my dear, your mamma is a very silly little woman," said Aunt Agatha, with a little of her old spirit; and she gave Nelly, who was naturally much startled by this unexpected vivacity, a kiss as she reached the door of her room and left her. The door closed and the girl had no pretext nor right to follow. She turned away feeling as if she had received a sudden prick which stimulated all the blood in her veins, but yet yearning in her good

little heart over Aunt Agatha who was alone. Miss Seton's room, to which she had retired, was on the ground floor as were all the sitting-rooms in the house, and Nelly as she turned away, suddenly met Wilfrid and came to a stand-still before him looking him severely in the face.

"I say, Nelly!" said Will.

"And I say, Will!" said Nelly. "I will never like you nor care for you any more. You are a shocking, selfish, disagreeable prig. To stand there and never mind when poor Aunt Agatha was fainting — all for the sake of a piece of gossip. I don't want ever to speak to you again."

"It was not a piece of gossip, — it was something about my mother," said Will in self-defence.

"And what if it were fifty things about your mother?" cried Nelly; — "what right had you to stand and listen when there was something to do? Oh, I am so ashamed! and after talking to you so much and thinking you were not so bad" —

"Nelly," said Wilfrid, "when there is anything said about my mother, I have always a right to listen what it is" —

"Well, then, go and listen," said Nelly with indignation, "at the keyhole if you like; but don't come afterwards and talk to me. There, good-bye, I am going to the children. Mamma is in the drawing-room, and if you like to go there I dare say you will hear a great many things; I don't care for gossip myself, so I may as well bid you good-bye."

And she went out by the open door with fine youthful majesty, leaving poor Will in a very doubtful state of mind behind her. He knew that in this particular Nelly did not understand him, and perhaps was not capable of sympathising in the jealous watch he kept over his mother. But still Nelly was pleasant to look at and pleasant to talk to, and he did not want to be cast off by her. He stood and hesitated for a moment — but he could see the sun shining at the open door, and hear the river, and the birds, and the sound of Nelly's step — and the end was that he went after her, there being nothing in the present crisis, as far as he could see, to justify a stern adoption of duty rather than pleasure; and there was nobody in the world but Nelly, as he had often explained to himself, by whom, when he talked, he stood the least chance of being understood.

This was how the new generation settled the matter. As for Aunt Agatha, she cried over it in the solitude of her chamber, but by-and-by recovered too, thinking that

after all it was only that silly woman. And she wrote an anxious note to Mrs. Percival, begging her now she was in England to come and see them at the Cottage. "I am getting old, my dear love, and I may not be long for this world, and you must let me see you before I die," Aunt Agatha said. She thought she felt weaker than usual after her agitation, and regarded this sentence, which was in a high degree effective and sensational, with some pride. She felt sure that such a thought would go to her Winnie's heart.

And so the Cottage lapsed once more into tranquillity, and into that sense that everything *must* go well which comes natural to the mind after a long interval of peace.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I LIKE all your people, mamma," said Hugh, "and I like little Nelly best of all. She is a little jewel, and as fresh as a little rose."

"And such a thing might happen as that she might make you a nice little wife one of these days," said Aunt Agatha, who was always a match-maker in her heart.

Upon which Hugh nodded and laughed and grew slightly red as became his years. "I had always the greatest confidence in your good sense, my dear aunt," he said in his laughing way; and never so much as thought of Wilfrid in the big Indian chair, who had been Nelly's constant companion for at least one long year.

"I should like to know what business he has with Nelly," said Will between his teeth. "A great hulking fellow, old enough to be her father."

"She would never have *you*, Will," said Hugh, laughing; "girls always despise a fellow of their own age. So you need not look sulky, old boy. For that matter I doubt very much if she'd have me."

"You are presumptuous boys," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "To think she would have either of you. She has too much to do at home, and too many things to think of. I should like to have her all to myself," said Mary with a sigh. She sighed, but she smiled; for though her boys could not be with her as Nelly might have been, still all was well with them, and the heart of their mother was content.

"My uncle wants you all to come over to Earlston," said Hugh. "I think the poor old boy is beginning to give in. He looks very shaky in the morning when he comes downstairs. I'd like to know what you

think of him, mamma; I don't think his wanting to see you all is a good sign. He's awfully good when you come to know him," said Hugh, clearing his throat.

"Do you mean that Francis Ochterlony is ill?" said Aunt Agatha, with sudden interest. "Your mother must go and see him, but you must not ask me; I am an old woman, and I have old-fashioned notions, you know—but a married lady can go anywhere. Besides he would not care for seeing me," Aunt Agatha added with a slightly-wistful look, "it is so very—very many years since we used to"—

"I know he wants to see you," said Hugh, who could not help laughing a little; "and with so many people in the house I think you might risk it, Aunt Agatha. He stands awfully in awe of you, I can tell you. And there are to be a lot of people. It's a kind of coming of age affair," said Hugh. "I am to be set up on Psyche's pedestal, and everybody is to look at me and sing out, 'Behold the heir!' That's the sort of thing it's to be. You can bring anybody you like, you two ladies, little Nelly Askeff, and all that sort of thing," he added with a conscious laugh; and grew red again, not at thought of Nelly Askeff, but with the thrill which "all that sort of thing" naturally brought in the young man's veins.

The face of Wilfrid grew darker and darker as he sat and listened. It was not a precocious passion for Nelly Askeff that moved him. If Nelly had been his sister, his heart might still have swelled with a very similar sentiment. "He'll have *her* too," was what the boy said to himself. There was no sort of justice or distribution in it; Hugh was the lucky fellow who had everything, while no personal appropriation whatever was to be permitted to Wilfrid.

He could not engross his mother as he would have liked to do, for she loved Hugh and Islay just as well as she loved himself, and had friends and acquaintances, and people who came and talked, and occupied her time, and even one who was supposed to have the audacity to admire her. And there was no one else to supply the imperious necessity which existed in Will's mind, to be the chief object of somebody's thoughts. His curate had a certain awe of him, which was satisfactory enough in its way; but nobody watched and worshipped poor Will, or did anything more than love him in a reasonable unadoring way; and he had no sister whom he could make his slave, nor humble friend to whom he could be the centre of interest. Nelly's coming had been a God-send to the boy. She had

found out his discontent, and taken to comforting him instinctively, and had been introduced into a world new to her by means of his fancies: and the budding woman had regarded the budding man with that curiosity, and wonder, and respect, and interest, which exist by nature between the two representatives of humanity. And now here was Hugh, who, not content with being an Oxford scholar, and the heir of Earliston, and his mother's eldest son, and Sir Edward's favourite, and the most interesting member of the family to the parish in general, was about to seize on Nelly too. Will, though he was perhaps of a jealous temper, was not mean nor envious, nor did he grudge his brother his elevation. But he thought it hard that all should go to one, and that there should be no shares: if he had had the arranging of it, it would have been otherwise arranged; Hugh should still have had Earliston, and any other advantages suited to his capacity—but as for Oxford and Nelly—it was unfair—that was the sting; all to one, and nothing to the other. This sentiment made Wilfred very unwilling to accompany the rest of the family to Earliston. He did not want to go and survey all the particulars of Hugh's good-fortune, and to make sure once again, as he had already so often decided, that Hugh's capacities were inferior to his luck, and that it was really of little advantage to him to be so well off. But Will's inclinations, as it happened, were not consulted on the subject; the expedition was all settled without any room being left for his protest. Aunt Agatha was to go, though she had very little desire to do so, being coy about Mr. Ochterlony's house, and even not too well pleased to think that coyness was absurd in her case, and that she was old enough to go to anybody's house, and indeed do what she pleased. And Sir Edward was going, who was older than any of them, and was still inclined to believe that Francis Ochterlony and Agatha Seton might make it up; and then, though Mrs. Askeff objected greatly, and could not tell what she was to do with the children, and limited the expedition absolutely to two days, Nelly was going too. Thus Will had to give in, and withdraw his opposition. It was, as Hugh said, "a coming of age sort of affair," but it was not precisely a coming of age, for that important event had taken place sometime before, when Hugh, whose ambition was not literary, had been working like a coal-heaver to take his degree, and had managed to take it and please his uncle. But there was to be a great dinner to introduce the heir of Earliston.

ton to his county neighbours, and everything was to be conducted with as much solemnity as if it had been the heir-apparent's birthday. It was so great an occasion, that Mrs. Ochterlony got a new dress, and Aunt Agatha brought forth from among the sprigs of lavender her silver-grey which she wore at Winnie's marriage. It was not Hugh's marriage, but it was an event almost as important; and if his own people did not try to do him credit, what was to be expected of the rest of the world?

And for Nelly Askeil it was a very important crisis. She was sixteen, but up to this moment she had never had a dress "made long," and the excitement of coming to this grandeur, and of finding Hugh Ochterlony by her side, full of unspeakable politeness, was almost too much for Nelly; the latter complication was something she did not quite understand. Will, for his part, carried things with a high hand, and behaved to her as a brother behaves to the sister whom he tyrannizes over. It is true that she sometimes tyrannized over him in her turn, as has been seen, but they did not think it necessary to be civil, nor did either of them restrain their personal sentiments in case anything occurred they disapproved of. But Hugh was altogether different — Hugh was one of "the gentlemen;" he was grown up, he had been to the University, he rode, and shot, and hunted, and did everything that the gentlemen are expected to do — and he lowered his voice when he spoke to Nelly, and schemed to get near her, and took bouquets from the Cottage garden which were not intended for Mrs. Askeil. Altogether, he was like the hero of a story to Nelly, and he made her feel as if she, just that very moment as it were, translated into a long dress, was a young lady in a story too. Will was her friend and companion, but this was something quite different from Will: and to be taken to see his castle, and his guardian, and his future domains, and assist at the recognition of the young prince, was but the natural continuation of the romance. Nelly's new long dresses were only muslin, but they helped out the force of the situation, and intensified that vague thrill of commencing womanhood and power undreamed of, which Hugh's presence had helped to produce. Could it be possible that she could forget the children, and her mamma's head which was always so bad, and go off for two whole days from her duty? Mrs. Askeil could scarcely believe it, and Nelly felt guilty when she realized the dreadful thought, but

still she wanted to go; and she had no patience with Will's objections, but treated them with summary incivility. "Why shouldn't you like to go?" said Nelly, "you would like it very much if you were your brother. And I would not be jealous like you, not for all the world;" and then Nelly added, "it is not because it is a party that I care for it, but because it is such a pleasure to dear Mrs. Ochterlony, and to — Mr. Hugh" —

"Ah, yes; I knew you would go over to Hugh's side," said Will: "I said so the very day he came here."

"Why should I go over to his side?" cried Nelly, indignantly; "but I am pleased to see people happy; and I am Mr. Hugh's friend, just as I am your friend," added the little woman, with dignity; "it is all for dear Mrs. Ochterlony's sake."

Thus it was that the new generation stepped in and took up all the foreground of the stage, just as Winnie and her love affairs had done, who was of the intermediate generation — thrusting the people whose play was played out, and their personal story over, into the background. Mary, perhaps, had not seen how natural it was, when her sister was the heroine; but when she began to suspect that the everlasting romance might, perhaps, begin again under her very eyes, with her children for the actors, it gave her a sweet shock of surprise and amusement. She had been in the shade for a long time, and yet she had still been the central figure, and had everything in her hands. What if, now, perhaps, Aunt Agatha's prophecy should come true, and Hugh, whose future was now secure, should find the little wife all ready for him at the very outset of his career? Such a possibility gave his mother, who had not yet arrived at the age which can consent to be passive and superannuated, a curious thrill — but still it might be a desirable event. When Mary saw her son hanging over the fair young creature whom she had coveted to be her daughter, a true perception of what her own future must be came over her. The boys *must* go away, and would probably marry and set up households, and the mother who had given up the best part of her life to them *must* remain alone. She was glad, and yet it went with a curious penetrating pang to her heart. Some women might have been jealous of the girl who had first revealed this possibility to them; but Mary, for her part, knew better, and saw that it was Nature and not Nelly that was to blame; and she was not a woman to go in the face of Nature. "Hugh

will marry early," she said to Aunt Agatha, with a smile; but her heart gave a little flutter in her breast as she said it, and saw how natural it was. Islay was gone already, and very soon Will would have to go; and there would be no more for their mother to do but to live on, with her occupation over, and her personal history at an end. The best thing to do was to make up her mind to it. There was a little moisture in her eyes as she smiled upon Nelly the night before they set out for Earlston. The girl had to spend the previous night at the Cottage, to be ready for their early start next day; and Mrs. Ochterlony smiled upon and kissed her, with a mingled yearning and revulsion. Ah, if she had but been her own — that woman-child! and yet it required a little effort to accept her for her own, at the cost, at it were, of her boy — for women are inconsistent, especially when they are women who have children. But one thing, at least, Mary was sure about, and that was, that her own share of the world would henceforward be very slight. Nothing would ever happen to her individually. Perhaps she regretted the agitations and commotions of life, and felt as if she would prefer still to endure them, and feel herself something in the world — but that was all over; Will *must* go. Islay was gone. Hugh would marry; and Mary's remaining years would flow on by necessity like the Kirtell, until some day they would come to a noiseless end. She said to herself that she ought to accept, and make up her mind to it; that boys must go out into the world, and quit the parent nest; and that she ought to be very thankful for the calm and secure provision which had been made for the rest of her life.

And next morning they started for Earlston, on the whole a very cheerful party. Nelly was so happy, that it did every one's heart good to see her; and she had given Will what she called "such a talking to," that he was as good as gold, and made no unpleasant remarks. And Sir Edward was very suave and benign, though full of recollections which confused and embarrassed Aunt Agatha. "I remember travelling along this same road when we still thought it could be all arranged," he said; "and thinking what a long way it would be to have to go to Earlston to see you; but there was no railroad then, and everything is very much changed."

"Yes, everything," said Aunt Agatha; and then she talked about the weather in a tremulous way. Sir Edward would not have spoken as he did, if he had not thought

that even yet the two old lovers might make it up — which naturally made it very confusing for Aunt Agatha to be the one to go to Earlston, and make, as it were, the first advances. She felt just the same heart thumping a little against her breast, and her white hair and soft faded cheek could not be supposed to be so constantly visible to her as they were to everybody else — and if Francis Ochterlony were to take it into his head to imagine — For Miss Seton, though nothing would have induced her to marry at her age, was not so certainly secure as her niece was that nothing now would ever happen in her individual life.

Nothing did happen, however, when they arrived at Earlston, where the master of the house received them, not with open arms, which was not his nature, but with all the enthusiasm he was capable of. He took them to see all his collections, everything he had that was most costly and rare. To go back to the house in this way, and see the scene of her former tortures — tortures which looked so light to look back upon, and were so amusing to think of, but which had been all but unbearable at the time, was strange to Mary. She told the story of her miseries, and they all laughed; but Mr. Ochterlony was still seen to change colour, when she pointed out the Etruscan vase which Hugh had taken into his hand, and the rococo chair which Islay had mounted. "This is the chair," the master of Earlston said; and he did not laugh so frankly as the rest, but turned aside to show Miss Seton his Henri II. porcelain. "It was nothing to laugh at at the time," he said, confidentially, in a voice which sank into Aunt Agatha's heart; and, to restore her composure, she paid great attention to the Henri Deux ware. She said she remembered longing very much to have a set like that when she was a girl. "I never knew you were fond of china," said Mr. Ochterlony. "Oh, yes," Aunt Agatha replied; but she did not explain that the china she had longed for was a toy service for her doll's and little companion's tea. Mr. Ochterlony put the costly cups away into a little cabinet, and locked it, after this; and he offered Aunt Agatha his arm, to lead her to the library, to see his collection there. She took it, but she trembled a little, the tender-hearted old woman. They looked such an old couple as they walked out of the room together — and yet there was something virginal and poetic about them, which they owed to their lonely lives. It was as if the roses that Hugh had just gathered for Nelly had been put away for half a century, and

brought out again all dried and faded, but still roses, and with a lingering pensive perfume. And Sir Edward sat and smiled in a corner, and whispered to Mary to leave them to themselves a little—such things had been as that they might make it up.

There was a great dinner in the evening, at which Hugh's health was drunk, and everybody hoped to see him for many a happy year at Earlston, yet prayed that it might be many a year before he had to take any other place than the one he now occupied at his uncle's side. There were some county ladies present, who were very gracious to Mary, and anxious to know all about her boys, and whether she, too, was coming to Earlston; but who were disposed to snub Nelly, who was not Mrs. Ochterlony's daughter, nor "any relation," and who was clearly an interloper on such an occasion. Nelly did not care much for being snubbed; but she was very glad to seize the moment to propitiate Wilfrid, who had come into the room looking in what Nelly called "one of his states of mind;" for it must not be forgotten that she was a soldier's daughter, and had been brought up exclusively in the regiment, and used many very colloquial forms of speech. She managed to glide to the other end of the room when Wilfrid was scowling over a collection of cameos without being noticed. To tell the truth, Nelly was easier in her mind when she was at a little distance from the Psyche and the Venus. She had never had any training in art, and she would have preferred to throw a cloak or, at the least, a lace shawl, or something, over those marble beauties. But she was, at least, wise enough to keep her sentiments to herself.

"Why have you come up so early, Will?" she said.

"What need I stay for, I wonder?" said Will; "I don't care for their stupid county talk. It is just as bad as parish talk, and not a bit more rational. I suppose my uncle must have known better one time or other, or he could not have collected all these things here."

"Do you think they are very pretty?" said Nelly, looking back from a safe distance, and thinking that however pretty they might be, they were not very suitable for a drawing-room, where people in general were in the habit of putting on more decorous garments; by which it will be perceived that she was a very ignorant little girl and knew nothing about it, and had no natural feeling for art.

"Pretty!" said Will. "you have only to look and see what they are—or to hear

their names would be enough. And to think of all those asses down stairs turned in among them, that probably would like a few stupid busts much better,—whereas there are plenty of other people that would give their ears"—

"Oh, Will!" cried Nelly, "you are always harping on the old string!"

"I am not harping on any string," said Will. "All I want is that people should stick to what they understand. Hugh might know how much money it was all worth, but I don't know what else he could know about it. If my uncle was in his senses and left things in shares as they do in France and everywhere where they have any understanding"—

"And then what would become of the house and the family?" cried Nelly,—"if you had six sons and Hugh had six sons—and then your other brother. They would all come down to have cottages and be a poor sort of clan—instead of going and making a fortune like a man, and leaving Earlston to be the head"—Probably Nelly had somewhere heard the argument which she stated in this bewildering way, or picked it out of a novel, which was the only kind of literature she knew much about—for it would be vain to assert that the principle of primogeniture had ever been profoundly considered in her own thoughts—"and if you were the eldest," she added, forsaking her argumentation, "I don't think you would care so much for everybody going shares."

"If I were the eldest it would be quite different," said Will. And then he devoted himself to the cameos, and would enter into no further explanation. Nelly sat down beside him in a resigned way, and looked at the cameos too, without feeling very much interest in them, and wondered what the children were doing, and whether mamma's head was bad; and her own astonishing selfishness in leaving mamma's headache and the children to take care of themselves, struck her vividly as she sat there in the twilight and saw the Psyche and Venus whom she did not approve of, gleaming white in the gray gloaming, and heard the low voices of the ladies at the other end of the room. Then it began to come into her head how vain pleasures are, and how to do one's duty is all one ought to care for in the world. Mrs. Ochterlony was at the other end of the drawing-room, talking to the other ladies, and "Mr. Hugh" was downstairs with a quantity of stupid men, and Will was in one of his "states of mind." And the chances were that some-

thing had gone wrong at home; that Charley had fallen downstairs, or baby's bath been too hot for her, or something—a judgment upon Nelly for going away. At one moment she got so anxious thinking of it all, that she felt disposed to get up and run home all the way, to make sure that nothing had happened. Only that just then Aunt Agatha came to join them in looking over the cameos, and began to tell Nelly, as she often did, little stories about Mrs. Percival, and to call her “my dear love,” and to tell her her dress looked very nice, and that nothing was so pretty as a sweet natural rose in a girl's hair. “I don't care for artificial flowers at your age, my dear,” Aunt Agatha was saying, when the gentlemen came in and Hugh made his appearance; and gradually the children's possible mischances and her mamma's headache faded out of Nelly's thoughts.

It was the pleasantest two days that had been spent at Earlstown in the memory of man. Mrs. Ochterlony went over all the house with very different feelings from those she had felt when she was an inmate of the place, and smiled at her own troubles and found her misery very comical; and little Nelly, who never in all her life before had known what it was to have two days to herself, was so happy that she was perfectly wretched about it when she went to bed. For it had never yet occurred to Nelly, as it does to so many young ladies, that she had a right to everything that was delightful and pleasant, and that the people who kept her out of her rights were ogres and tyrants. She was frightened and rather ashamed of herself for being so happy; and then she made it up by resolving to be doubly good and make twice as much a slave of herself as ever as soon as she got home. This curious and unusual development of feeling probably arose from the fact that Nelly had never been brought up at all, so to speak, but had simply grown; and had too much to do to have any time for thinking of herself—which is the best of all possible bringings up for some natures. As for Aunt Agatha she went and came about this house, which could never be otherwise than interesting to her, with a wistful look and a flickering unsteady colour that would not have shamed even Nelly's sixteen-year-old cheek. Miss Seton saw ghosts of what might have been in every corner; she saw the unborn faces shine beside the never-lighted fire. She saw herself as she might have been, rising up to receive her guests, sitting at the head of the long, full, cheerful table. It was a curious sensation, and made her

stop to think now and then which was the reality and which the shadow; and yet there could be no doubt that there was in it a certain charm.

And there could be no doubt, either, that a certain sadness fell upon Mr. Ochterlony when they were all gone. He had a fire lighted in his study that night, though it was warm, “to make it look a little more cheerful,” he said; and made Hugh sit with him long after the usual time. He sat buried in his great chair, with his thin, long limbs looking longer and thinner than ever, and his head a little sunk upon his breast. And then he began to moralize and give his nephew good advice.

“I hope you'll marry, Hugh,” he said. “I don't think it's good to shut one's self out from the society of women; they're very unscientific, but still—And it makes a great difference in a house. When I was a young fellow like you—But, indeed, it is not necessary to go back so far. A man has it in his power to amuse himself for a long time, but it doesn't last forever—And there are always things that might have been better otherwise”—Here Mr. Ochterlony made a long pause and stared into the fire, and after a while resumed without any preface: “When I'm gone, Hugh, you'll pack up all that Henri Deux ware and send it over to—to your Aunt Agatha. I never thought she cared for china. John will pack it for you—he is a very careful fellow for that sort of thing. I put it all into the Louis Quinze cabinet; now mind you don't forget.”

“Time enough for that, sir,” said Hugh, cheerfully, and not without a suppressed laugh; for the loves of Aunt Agatha and Francis Ochterlony were slightly comical to Hugh.

“That is all you know about it,” said his uncle. “But I shall expect you altogether to be of more use in the world than I have been, Hugh—and you'll have more to do. Your father, you know, married when he was a boy, and went out of my reach; but you'll have all your people to look after—Don't play the generous prince and spoil the boys—mind you don't take any stupid notions into your head of being a sort of Providence for them. It's a great deal better for them to make their own way;—but you'll be always here, and you'll lend a helping hand. Stand by them—that's the great thing; and as for your mother, I needn't recommend her to your kindest care. She has done a great deal for you.”

“Uncle, I wish you would not talk like this,” said Hugh: “there's nothing the mat-

ter with you. What's the good of making a fellow uneasy and sending him uncomfortable to bed? Leave those sort of things till you're old and ill, and then I'll attend to what you say."

Mr. Ochterlony softly shook his head. "You won't forget about the *Henri Deux*," he said; and then he paused again and laughed as it were under his breath, with a kind of laugh that was pathetic and full of quaint tenderness. "If it had ever come to that, I don't think you would have been any the worse," he added; "we were not the sort of people to have heirs," and the laugh faded into a lingering, wistful smile, half sad, half amused, with which on his face, he sat for a long time and gazed into the fading fire. It was, perhaps, simply that the presence of such visitors had stirred up the old recollections in his heart — perhaps that it felt strange to him to look back on his own past life, in the light thrown upon it by the presence of his heir, and to feel that it was ending, while yet, in one sense, it had never begun. As for Hugh, to tell the truth, he was chiefly amused by his uncle's reflective mood. He thought, which no doubt was to some extent true, that the old man was thinking of an old story which had come to nothing, and of which old Aunt Agatha was the heroine. There was something touching in it he could not but allow, but still he gave a laugh within himself at the superannuated romance. And all that immediately came of it, was the injunction not to forget about the *Henri Deux*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THIS was all that came immediately of the visit to Earlston; but yet, if anybody had been there with clear-sighted eyes, there might have been other results perceptible and other symptoms of a great change at hand. Such little shadows of an event impending might have been traced from day to day if that once possible lady of the house, whose ghost Aunt Agatha had met with in all the rooms, had been there to watch over its master. There being nobody but Hugh, everything was supposed to go on in its usual way. Hugh had come to be fond of his uncle, and to look up to him in many ways; but he was young, and nothing had ever occurred to him to put insight into his eyes. He thought Mr. Ochterlony was just as usual — and so he was; and yet there were some things that were not as usual, and which might have aroused an experi-

enced observer. And in the meantime something happened at the Cottage, where things did not happen often, which absorbed everybody's thoughts for the moment, and threw Earlston and Mr. Ochterlony entirely into the shade.

It happened on the very evening after their return home. Aunt Agatha had been troubled with a headache on the previous night — she said, from the fatigue of the journey, though possibly the emotions excited at Earlston had something to do with it — and had been keeping very quiet all day; Nelly Askell had gone home, eager to get back to her little flock, and to her mother, who was the greatest baby of all; Mary had gone out upon some village business; and Aunt Agatha sat alone, slightly drowsy and gently thoughtful, in the summer afternoon. She was thinking, with a soft sigh, that perhaps everything was for the best. There are a great many cases in which it is very difficult to say so — especially when it seems the mistake or blindness of man, instead of the direct act of God, that has brought the result about. Miss Seton had a meek and quiet spirit; and yet it seemed strange to her to make out how it could be for the best that her own life and her old lover's should thus end, as it were, unfulfilled, and all through his foolishness. Looking at it in an abstract point of view, she almost felt as if she could have told him of it, had he been near enough to hear. Such a different life it might have been to both; and now the moment for doing anything had long past, and the two barren existences were alike coming to an end. This was what Miss Seton could not help thinking; and feeling as she did that it was from beginning to end a kind of flying in the face of Providence, it was difficult to see how it could be for the best. If it had been her own fault, no doubt she would have felt as Mr. Ochterlony did, a kind of tender and not unpleasant remorse; but one is naturally less tolerant and more impatient when one feels that it is not one's own, but another's, fault. The subject so occupied her mind, and her activity was so lulled to rest by the soft fatigue and languor consequent upon the ending of the excitement, that she did not take particular notice how the afternoon glided away. Mary was out, and Will was out, and no visitor came to disturb the calm. Miss Seton had cares of more immediate force even at that moment — anxieties and apprehensions about Winnie, which had brought of late many a sickening thrill to her heart; but these had all died away for the time before the force

of recollections and the interest of her own personal story, thus fevied without any will of her own: and the soft afternoon atmosphere, and the murmuring of the bees, and the roses at the open windows, and Kirtell flowing audible but unseen, lulled Aunt Agatha, and made her forget the passage of time. Then all at once she roused herself with a start. Perhaps—though she did not like to entertain such an idea—she had been asleep, and heard it in a dream; or perhaps it was Mary, whose voice had a family resemblance. Miss Seton sat upright in her chair after that first start and listened very intently, and said to herself that of course it must be Mary. It was she who was a fantastical old woman to think she heard voices which in the course of nature could not be within hearing. Then she observed how late it was, and that the sunshine slanted in at the west window and lay along the lawn outside almost in a level line. Mary was late, later than usual; and Aunt Agatha blushed to confess, even to herself, that she must have, as she expressed it, “just closed her eyes,” and had a little dream in her solitude. She got up now briskly to throw this drowsiness off, and went out to look if Mary was coming, or Will in sight, and to tell Peggy about the tea—for nothing so much revives one as a cup of tea when one is drowsy in the afternoon. Miss Seton went across the little lawn, and the sun shone so strongly in her eyes as she reached the gate that she had to put up her hand to shade them, and for the moment could see nothing. Was that Mary so near the gate? The figure was dark against the sunshine, which shone right into Aunt Agatha’s eyes, and made everything black between her and the light. It came drifting as it were between her and the sun, like the phantom ship in the mariner’s vision. She gazed and did not see, and felt as if a kind of insanity was taking possession of her. “It is Mary, isn’t it?”—she said in a trembling voice, and at the same moment *felt* by something in the air that it was not Mary. And then Aunt Agatha gave such a cry as brought Peggy, and indeed all the household, in alarm to the door.

It was a woman who looked as old as Mary, and did not seem ever to have been half so fair. She had a shawl drawn tightly round her shoulders, as if she were cold, and a veil over her face. She was of a very thin meagre form, with a kind of forlorn grace about her, as if she might have been splendid under better conditions. Her eyes were hollow and large, her cheek-

bones prominent, her face worn out of all freshness, and possessing only what looked like a scornful recollection of beauty. The noble form had missed its development, the fine capabilities had been checked or turned in a false direction. When Aunt Agatha uttered that great cry which brought Peggy from the utmost depths of the house, the new comer showed no corresponding emotion. She said, “No; it is I,” with a kind of bitter rather than affectionate meaning, and stood stock-still before the gate, and did not even make a movement to lift her veil. Miss Seton made a tremulous rush forward to her, but she did not advance to meet it; and when Aunt Agatha faltered and was likely to fall, it was not the stranger’s arm that interposed to save her. She stood still, neither advancing nor going back. She read the shock, the painful recognition, the reluctant certainty in Miss Seton’s eye. She was like the returning prodigal so far, but she was not content with his position. It was no happiness to her to go home, and yet it ought to have been; and she could not forgive her aunt for feeling the shock of the recognition. When she roused herself, after a moment, it was not because she was pleased to come home, but because it occurred to her that it was absurd to stand still and be stared at, and make a scene.

And when Peggy caught her mistress in her arms, to keep her from falling, the stranger made a step forward and gave her a hurried kiss, and said, “It is I, Aunt Agatha. I thought you would have known me better. I will follow you directly;” and then turned to take out her purse and give a shilling to the porter, who had carried her bag from the station—which was a proceeding which they all watched in consternation, as if it had been something remarkable. Winnie was still Winnie, though it was difficult to realise that Mrs. Percival was she. She was coming back wounded, resentful, remorseful to her old home; and she did not mean to give in, nor show the feelings of a prodigal, nor gush forth into affectionateness. To see her give the man the shilling, brought Aunt Agatha to herself. She raised her head from Peggy’s shoulder, and stood upright, trembling, but self-restrained. “I am a silly old woman to be so surprised,” she said; “but you did not write to say what day we were to expect you, my dear love.”

“I did not write anything about it,” said Winnie: “for I did not know. But let me go in, please; don’t let us stay here.”

“Come in, my darling,” said Aunt

Agatha. "Oh, how glad, how thankful, how happy I am, Winnie, my dear love, to see you again!"

"I think you are more shocked than glad," said Winnie; and that was all she said, until they had entered the room where Miss Seton had just left her maiden dreams. Then the wanderer, instead of throwing herself into Aunt Agatha's kind longing arms, looked all round her with a strange passionate mournfulness and spitefulness. "I don't wonder you were shocked," she said, going up to the glass, and looking at herself in it. "You, all just the same as ever, and such a change in me!"

"Oh, Winnie, my darling!" cried Aunt Agatha, throwing herself upon her, child with a yearning which was no longer to be restrained; "do you think there can ever be any change in you to me? Oh, Winnie, my dear love! come and let me look at you: let me feel I have you in my arms at last, and that you have really come home."

"Yes, I have come home," said Winnie, suffering herself to be kissed. "I am sure I am very glad that you are pleased. Of course Mary is still here, and her children? Is she going to marry again? Are her boys as tiresome as ever? Yes, thank you, I will take my things off—and I should like something to eat. But you must not make too much of me, Aunt Agatha, for I have not come only for a day."

"Winnie, dear, don't you know if it was for your good I would like to have you for ever?" cried poor Aunt Agatha, trembling, so that she could scarcely form the words.

And then for a moment the strange woman, who was Winnie, looked as if she too was moved. Something like a tear came into the corner of her eye. Her breast heaved with one profound unnatural convulsive swell. "Ah, you don't know me now," she said, with a certain sharpness of anguish and rage in her voice. Aunt Agatha did not understand it, and trembled all the more; but her good genius led her, instead of asking questions as she was burning to do, to take off Winnie's bonnet and her shawl, moving softly about her with her soft old hands, which shook yet did their office. Aunt Agatha did not understand it, but yet it was not so very difficult to understand. Winnie was abashed and dismayed to find herself there among all the innocent recollections of her youth—and she was full of rage and misery at the remembrance of all her injuries, and to think of the explanation which she would have to give. She was even angry with Aunt

Agatha because she did not know what manner of woman her Winnie had grown—but beneath all this impatience and irritation was such a gulf of wretchedness and wrong that even the unreasonableness took a kind of miserable reason. She did well to be angry with herself, and all the world. Her friends ought to understand the difference, and see what a changed creature she was, without exacting the humiliation of an explanation; and yet at the same time the poor soul in her misery was angry to perceive that Aunt Agatha did see a difference. She suffered her bonnet and shawl to be taken off, but started when she felt Miss Seton's soft caressing hand upon her hair. She started partly because it was a caress she was unused to, and partly that her hair had grown thin and even had some gray threads in it, and she did not like that change to be observed; for she had been proud of her pretty hair, and taken pleasure in it as so many women do. She rose up as she felt that touch, and took the shawl which had been laid upon a chair.

"I suppose I can have my old room," she said. "Never mind coming with me as if I was a visitor. I should like to go up-stairs, and I ought to know the way, and be at home here."

"It is not for that, my darling," said Aunt Agatha with hesitation; "but you must have the best room, Winnie. Not that I mean to make a stranger of you. But the truth is one of the boys—and then it is too small for what you ought to have now."

"One of the boys—which of the boys?" said Winnie. "I thought you would have kept my old room—I did not think you would have let your house be overrun with boys. I don't mind where it is, but let me go and put my things somewhere and make myself respectable. Is it Hugh that has my room?"

"No,—Will," said Aunt Agatha, faltering; "I could change him, if you like, but the best room is far the best. My dear love, it is just as it was when you went away. Will! Here is Will. This is the little one that was the baby—I don't think that you can say he is not changed."

"Not so much as I am," said Mrs. Percival under her breath, as turning round she saw the long-limbed, curious boy, with his pale face and inquiring eyes, standing in the open window. Will was not excited, but he was curious; and as he looked at the stranger, though he had never seen her before, his quick mind set to work on the subject, and he put two and two together and divined who it was. He was not like

her in external appearance — at least he had never been a handsome boy, and Winnie had still her remains of wasted beauty — but yet perhaps they were like each other in a more subtle, invisible way. Winnie looked at him, and she gave her shoulders a shrug and turned impatiently away. "It must be a dreadful nuisance to be interrupted like that, whatever you may be talking about," she said. "It does not matter what room I am to have, but I suppose I may go up-stairs?"

"My dear love, I am waiting for you," said poor Aunt Agatha, anxiously. "Run, Will, and tell your mother that my dear Winnie has come home. Run as fast as ever you can and tell her to make haste. Winnie, my darling, let me carry your shawl. You will feel more like yourself when you have had a good rest; and Mary will be back directly, and I know how glad she will be."

"Will she?" said Winnie; and she looked at the boy and heard him receive his instructions, and felt his quick eyes go through and through her. "He will go and tell his mother the wreck I am," she said to herself with bitterness; and felt as if she hated Wilfrid. She had no children to defend and surround her, or even to take messages. No one could say, referring to her, "Go and tell your mother." It was Mary that was well off, always the fortunate one, and for the moment poor Winnie felt as if she hated the keen-eyed boy.

Will, for his part, went off to seek his mother, leaving Aunt Agatha to conduct her dear and welcome, but embarrassing and difficult, guest up-stairs. He did not run nor show any symptoms of unnecessary haste, but went along in a very steady, leisurely way. He was so far like Winnie that he did not see any occasion for disturbing himself much on account of other people. He went to seek Mrs. Ochterlony with his hands in his pockets and his mind working steadily at the new position of affairs. Why this new-comer should have arrived so unexpectedly? why Aunt Agatha should look so anxious, and helpless, and confused, as if, notwithstanding her love, she did not know what to do with her visitor? were questions which exercised all Will's faculties. He walked up to his mother, who was coming quietly along the road from the village, and joined her without disturbing himself. "Aunt Agatha sent me to look for you," he said, and turned with her towards the Cottage in the calmest way.

"I am afraid she thought I was late," said Mary. "It was not that," said Will.

"Mrs. Percival had just come, so far as I could understand, and she sent me to tell you."

"Mrs. Percival?" cried Mary, stopping short. "Whom do you mean? Not Winnie? Not my sister? You must have made some mistake."

"I think it was. It looked like her," said Will, in his calm way.

Mary stood still, and her breath seemed to fail her for the moment; she had what the French call a *serrement du cœur*. It felt as if some invisible hand had seized upon her heart and compressed it tightly; and her breathing failed, and a chill went through her veins. The next moment her face flushed with shame and self-reproach. Could she be thinking of herself and any possible consequences, and grudging her sister the only natural refuge which remained to her? She was incapable for the moment of asking any further questions, but went on with a sudden hasty impulse, feeling her head swim, and her whole intelligence confused. It seemed to Mary, for the moment, though she could not have told how, as if there was an end of her peaceful life, of her comfort, and all the good things that remained to her; a chill presentiment, confounding and inexplicable, went to her heart; and at the same time she felt utterly ashamed and horrified to be thinking of herself at all and not of poor Winnie, the returned wanderer. Her thoughts were so busy and full of occupation that she had gone a long way before it occurred to her to say anything to her boy.

"You say it looked like her, Will," she began at last, taking up the conversation where she had left off; "tell me, what did she look like?"

"She looked just like other women," said Will; "I didn't remark any difference. As tall as you, and a sort of a long nose. Why I thought it looked like her, was because Aunt Agatha was in an awful way."

"What sort of a way?" cried Mary.

"Oh, well, I don't know. Like a hen, or something — walking round her, and looking at her, and cluck-clucking; and yet all the same as if she'd like to cry."

"And Winnie," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "how did she look? — that is what I want most to know."

"Awfully bored," said Will. He was so sometimes himself, when Aunt Agatha paid any special attentions to him, and he said it with feeling. This was almost all the conversation that passed between them as Mrs. Ochterlony hurried home. Poor Winnie! Mary knew better than Miss Seton

did what a dimness had fallen upon her sister's bright prospects—how the lustre of her innocent name had been tarnished, and all the freshness and beauty gone out of her life; and Mrs. Ochterlony's heart smote her for the momentary reference to herself, which she had made without meaning it, when she heard of Winnie's return. Poor Winnie! if the home of her youth was not open to her, where could she find refuge? if her aunt and her sister did not stand by her, who would? and yet—The sensation was altogether involuntary, and Mary resisted it with all her might; but she could not help a sort of instinctive sense that her peace was over, and that the storms and darkness of life were about to begin again.

When she went in hurriedly to the drawing-room, not expecting to see anybody, she found, to her surprise, that Winnie was there, reclining in an easy chair, with Aunt Agatha in wistful and anxious attendance on her. The poor old lady was hovering about her guest, full of wonder, and pain, and anxious curiosity. Winnie as yet had given no explanation of her sudden appearance. She had given no satisfaction to her perplexed and fond companion. When she found that Aunt Agatha did not leave her, she had come down-stairs again, and dropped listlessly into the easy chair. She wanted to have been left alone for a little, to have realised all that had befallen her, and to feel that she was not dreaming, but was actually in her old home. But Miss Seton would have thought it the greatest unkindness, the most signal want of love and sympathy and all that a wounded heart required, to leave Winnie alone. And she was glad when Mary came to help her to rejoice over, and overwhelm with kindness, her child who had been lost and was found.

"It is your dear sister, thank God!" she cried, with tears. "Oh, Mary! to think we should have her again, to think she should be here after so many changes. And our own Winnie through it all. She did not write to tell us, for she did not quite know the day"—

"I did not know things would go further than I could bear," said Winnie, hurriedly. "Now Mary is here, I know you must have some explanation. I have not come to see you; I have come to escape and hide myself. Now, if you have any kindness, you won't ask me any more just now. I came off last night because he went too far. There! that is why I did not write. I thought you would take me in, whatever my circumstances might be."

"Oh, Winnie, my darling; then you have not been happy!" said Aunt Agatha, tearfully clasping Winnie's hands in her own and gazing wistfully into her face.

"Happy!" she said, with something like a laugh, and then drew her hand away. "Please let us have tea or something, and don't question me any more."

It was then only that Mary interposed. Her love for her sister was not the absorbing love of Aunt Agatha; but it was a wiser affection. And she managed to draw the old lady away, and leave the new-comer to herself for the moment. "I must not leave Winnie," Aunt Agatha said; "I cannot go away from my poor child: don't you see how unhappy and suffering she is? You can see after everything yourself, Mary, there is nothing to do; and tell Peggy"—

"But I have something to say to you," said Mary, drawing her reluctant companion away, to Aunt Agatha's great impatience and distress. As for Winnie, she was grateful for the moment's quiet, and yet she was not grateful to her sister. She wanted to be alone and undisturbed, and yet she rather wanted Aunt Agatha's suffering looks and tearful eyes to be in the same room with her. She wanted to resume the sovereignty, and to be queen and potentate the moment after her return; and it did not please her to see another authority, which prevailed over the fascination of her presence. But yet she was glad to be alone. When they left her, she lay back in her chair, in a settled calm of passion which was at once twenty times more calm than their peacefulness, and twenty times more passionate than their excitement. She knew whence she came and why she came, which they did not. She knew the last step which had been too far, and was still tingling with the sense of outrage. She had in her mind the very different scene she had left, and which stood out in flaming outlines against the dim background of this place, which seemed to have stopped still just when she left it, and in all these years to have grown no older; and her head began to steady a little out of the whirl. If he ventured to seek her here she would turn to bay and defy him. She was too much absorbed by active enmity, and rage, and indignation, to be moved by the recollections of her youth, the romance that had been enacted within these walls. On the contrary, the last exasperation which had filled her cup to overflowing was so much more real than anything that followed, that Aunt Agatha was

but a pale ghost to Winnie, sitting dimly across the fiery surface of her own thoughts; and this calm scene in which she found herself almost without knowing how, felt somehow like a pasteboard cottage in a theatre suddenly let down upon her for the moment. She had come to escape and hide herself, she said, and that was in reality what she intended to do; but at the same time the thought of living there, and making the change real, had never occurred to her. It was a sudden expedient adopted in the heat of battle; it was not a flight for her life.

"She has come back to take refuge with us, the poor darling," said Aunt Agatha. "Oh, Mary, my dear love, don't let us be hard upon her! She has not been happy, you heard her say so, and she has come home; let me go back to Winnie, my dear. She will think we are not glad to see her, that we don't sympathize — And oh, Mary, her poor dear wounded heart! when she looks upon all the things that surrounded her, when she was so happy!" —

And Mary could not succeed in keeping the tender old lady away, nor in stilling the thousand questions that bubbled from her kind lips. All she could do was to provide for Winnie's comfort, and in her own person to leave her undisturbed. And the night fell over a strangely disquieted household. Aunt Agatha could not tell whether to cry for joy or for distress, whether to be most glad that Winnie had come home, or most concerned and anxious how to account

for her sudden arrival, and keep up appearances, and prevent the parish from thinking that anything unpleasant had happened. In Winnie's room there was such a silent tumult of fury, and injury, and active conflict, as had never existed before near Kirtell side. Winnie was not thinking, nor caring where she was; she was going over the last battle from which she had fled, and anticipating the next, and instead of making herself wretched by the contrast of her former happiness, felt herself only, as it were, in a painted retirement, no more real than a dream. What was real was her own feelings, and nothing else on earth. As for Mary, she too was strangely, and she thought ridiculously affected by her sister's return. She tried to explain to herself that except for her natural sympathy for Winnie, it affected her in no other way, and was indignant with herself for dwelling upon a possible derangement of domestic peace, as if that could not be guarded against, or even endured if it came about. But nature was too strong for her. It was not any fear for the domestic peace that moved her; it was an indescribable conviction that this unlooked-for return was the onslaught signal for a something lying in wait — that it was the touch of revolution, the opening of the flood-gates — and that henceforward her life of tranquil confidence was over, and that some mysterious trouble which she could not at present identify, had been let loose upon her, let it come sooner or later, from that day.

THE SWANS OF WILTON.

Oh how the Swans of Wilton

Twenty abreast did go!

Like country brides bound to the church,

Sails set and all aglow.

With pouting breast, in pure white dressed,

Soft gliding in a row.

Where through the weed's green fleeces,

Like perch in brazen coat,

Like golden shuttles mermaids use,

Shot past my crimson float,

Where swinish carp were snoring loud

Around the anchored boat.

Adown the gentle river

The white swans bore in sail,

Their full soft feathers puffing out

Like canvas in a gale;

And all the kine and dappled deer

Stood watching in the vale.

The stately swans of Wilton

Strutted and puffed along

Like canons in their full white gowns,

Late for the even-song,

Whom up the close, the peevish bell

In vain has chided long.

Oh how the swans of Wilton

Bore down the radiant stream,

As calm as holy hermits' lives,

Or a play tired infant's dream.

Like fairy beds of last year's snow,

Did those radiant creatures seem!

From the Cornhill Magazine.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.)

ON Saturday morning, 30th December, 1865, I left Fenchurch Street Station for Tilbury, to join as passenger the screw steamship *London*, to sail that day for Melbourne. She was built and despatched by the Messrs. Wigram, of Blackwall — a firm of high standing, of long experience in the Australian trade, and whose name was a sufficient guarantee that the equipment and management would be good. She was comparatively a new ship, this being her third voyage. Built of iron, 1428 tons register, and 267 feet long, auxiliary screw of 200 horse-power, very loftily sparred, and ship-rigged, clipper or modern build, long, low, and narrow, which said she was built for speed — the very thing that induced me, and no doubt others, to choose this ship. I had come home from Australia a few months previous, and had selected this *London* to return, saying, "I can spend a month longer time at home, and still be at Melbourne as soon by her as though I started a month earlier by a sailing vessel." She was commanded by Captain Martin, a navigator of great experience, a skilful sailor in every sense of the word, and a gentleman, I should say, as far as I had an opportunity of judging. So, naturally enough, we entertained high hopes of a speedy and safe voyage.

I had always a great dislike, or rather dread, in commencing this voyage during the winter season, on account of the dangers of the English Channel, and getting off clear of the coast. This was also one of my reasons for choosing this ship: she having steam-power, the danger I considered was very much lessened, as well as a saving of time, and I felt in undertaking this voyage, at this inclement season of the year, perfect security, and no such thought as fear entered my mind, wholly reliant on the reputation of the ship, captain, and owners.

Everybody who has been to sea a little have their own ideas as to the character and seaworthiness of a ship, and of course I have mine; but in the case of the *London*, would not exercise my judgment; would have considered it presumption, and quite ridiculous for me to be biased by my humble opinion of one of the first ships of London, owned by one of the first firms, and commanded by an experienced captain. No; I would take all for granted, or else what good is there in a reputation or name?

On board the ship, lying in the river off Gravesend, were the usual scenes of confusion, preparation, affectionate and trying partings of friends, generally attending at departure for these long voyages. About two o'clock in the day we left Gravesend, and proceeded down the Thames on our long voyage to Australia, or rather Plymouth; for on a voyage we always look forward to the next port that we expect to call at, though it should not be the port of destination. The day was fine as we steamed down the river; the passengers congregated on deck to view the country, which was already green, and also to take observations, as the saying is at sea, to examine the ship, and criticise her rig and general appearance; also to notice each other and make acquaintances. I was surprised to find so many Australians on board: fully three out of four had been out there and were returning again, many saying it was for the last time; that they had got tired of England, and particularly London, where the sun had not been seen for a month; longed for the beautiful Australian climate, with its clear atmosphere, blue sky, and bright sunshine, for ten months out of twelve. That evening about sunset we anchored at the Nore. Though the evening was fine the barometer denoted unsettled weather, which we had the next day (Sunday), and owing to its severity we remained at anchor till Monday morning, the 1st January, when the weather had become fine. Between eight and nine in the morning we were again under weigh, steaming down Channel. The wind was ahead; the day pleasant. We had a fine view of the coast — Margate, Ramsgate, North and South Foreland, and Dover, which we passed about 4 P.M. That night the wind increased. The next morning it was dull, heavy, unsettled weather; pretty strong wind dead ahead, with a nasty short Channel sea on; a great number of passengers sick; and, as usual, many regretting having come, and would certainly leave the ship at Plymouth, and forfeit their passage-money. But how suddenly we change our minds under different circumstances.

About ten in the morning we were in sight of the Isle of Wight: the weather still boisterous, the indications of the barometer threatening. Captain Martin and pilot decided on taking shelter at Spithead, which we did, and anchored about 4 P.M., opposite to Ryde; and thankful we were, for it blew fearfully that night. The next morning was fine. We were under weigh again about 9 A.M., steaming out of the St. Hel-

en's Roads; passed out through the Needles at noon; once again in the Channel; day fine, wind ahead, heavy swell. Next morning, Thursday, 4th, the weather was very boisterous, the heaviest we had experienced as yet. By this time we had an opportunity of judging of the sea-going qualities of the *London*, and I must say I was very much disappointed in her. I could see she was a ship of great length for breadth, heavily sparred, very low in the water, not at all lively or buoyant; and when contemplating the thoughts of her in a gale, I actually entertained fears for her. Opinions were expressed freely, as always are on board of passenger-ships, such as, — "Boys, we have got a wet, uncomfortable old tub this time, and if I could afford it, would leave her at Plymouth." Another would say, "Oh, nonsense; she will be all right after a few days, as she will lighten by consumption of coal and stores, and we will soon be in fine weather. In a week or two we will be to Maderia: all plain sailing then to the Cape, and if we meet any rough weather there, why she will be in proper trim."

Between eight and nine in the morning of this Thursday the 4th, we were off Plymouth waiting for a pilot. Soon a fishing-smack with three men and two boys in her ran up near us, and launched a little boat from their deck, intending to board us, to pilot our ship into harbour. Two men got into her — a heavy sea running at the time. In a few minutes after casting off, I saw that the little boat did not rise on the wave: presently I saw the heads of the two men rise up on a wave, and could see that their boat was swamped. At that moment I heard Mr. Harris, the chief mate of our ship, give orders to man a lifeboat. Soon the men were in it ready for lowering, but there was a great delay in consequence of the lowering gear not being in proper order. The detention was truly painful. Occasionally the two heads would appear, then down again, expecting every time to be the last. Presently our boat got up to where they were. We could see them pick up one man, then row about looking for the other; but the poor fellow had sunk only two or three minutes before they got to the spot. The affair cast quite a gloom over the ship. Many said it was a bad omen for us; and what made the accident appear worse and more to be regretted, was that it might have been prevented had the lowering apparatus been in proper order, or Clifford's patent.

In a short time a pilot-boat was seen

bearing down to us. At about ten o'clock the pilot was on board, and we running into the Sound, and at noon were anchored inside of the breakwater. The afternoon was wet and cold, consequently very little was done towards preparing for sea. The next morning, Friday, 5th January, was beautiful, clear and still, much like a November morning: all was bustle and life on board now, as it was reported we should sail that day. Barges came alongside with coal, and fifty tons were added to our stock and piled on deck in sacks; boats with stock, meat, vegetables, &c. Many passengers joined us here: I observed our passengers were of a superior class. In the afternoon my attention was called to a gentleman and lady walking on the poop: they were Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Brooke. Fortunately the lady did not accompany her husband on this voyage; she was to have joined him out there in a year.

Almost every class of society was represented on board our ship — clergyman, actor, magistrate, lawyer, banker, merchant, tradesman, labourer — of all ages; mothers with their children and nurses; beautiful and accomplished young ladies; newly-married couples; young men in the prime of manhood; wealthy families returning after a visit to their native country; also many going out for the first time to seek their fortune, full of hope.

Two of our passengers left the ship at Plymouth — a fortunate thing for them. One was a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made during the trip from Gravesend. He expressed a great dislike to the sea and the long voyage before us, this being his first voyage; also the horror of being compelled to live in one of those small cell-like state-rooms for two months or more. When he left the ship he did not tell us of his intention of not returning; perhaps he thought we would consider him a coward. The other was a young man who had, from some family quarrel, taken passage in the *London*, unknown to them. He was entreated to return by an advertisement in *The Times*, to which he paid no attention. The last day his whereabouts was ascertained; a brother came on board, and by urgent entreaty he was induced to quit the vessel. I know of three who would have willingly left the ship at Plymouth, but were ashamed. A young man, one of my state-room companions, about twenty years of age, and who was married only the day before his departure — but fortunately had left his wife behind — was thinking very seriously of leaving the ship, was quite unde-

cided all day. All he wanted was a little encouragement to have done so. But many are deterred at a time like this from following their desires out of fear of the opinions of others. I now can call to mind many remarks of passengers' forebodings of the evil to come; of course I naturally remember them in a case of this kind.

At dark all was ready for sea: Captain Martin gave orders for all to be on board, as we would sail that evening; but the more knowing ones gave it as their opinion that Captain Martin would not sail until after twelve o'clock, to avoid commencing the voyage on a Friday. There is a superstitious belief amongst sailors, and in fact amongst many who are not, that Friday is an unlucky day to sail. A young girl said to me, "I hope we shall not sail to-night." — "Why?" — "Because Friday sail always fail." I asked her if she was influenced by such foolish nonsense as that? For my part, I said, I was willing we should sail at once. The public, through the newspapers, have censured Captain Martin very much for putting to sea when he did, and disregarding the threatening indications of the barometer. In justice to him, I will state that at no time after leaving Plymouth did I hear one word of censure by anybody on board. The night of Friday that we sailed was fine, Saturday was fine; true, Sunday and Monday were rough, but nothing to create fear for a well-found and first-class ship. I am sure, had Captain Martin not sailed, say until Sunday, he would have been censured by the passengers for remaining so long. In judging Captain Martin, we must go back to that time. He would argue, "I know what the *London* is, I have confidence in her; I have made two voyages to Melbourne with her; as a matter of course she would experience some heavy weather during these trips, and if I wait for fine weather to cross the Bay of Biscay, I may be here all winter. It's midwinter now, we must expect five days stormy out of the seven. I have a fine night to start with; true, the barometer is falling, but the storm foretold may bring a favourable wind; if it should not, the *London* will weather it; and more than that, I can afford to use plenty of coal at the commencement of the voyage."

As the evening wore on, the passengers were nearly all on board. We found that a larger number had joined us there than we expected to see; so we made a pretty large party, 252, including captain, crew, and all connected with the ship, divided as follows: — 59 first-class passengers, 52 sec-

ond-class, 52 third-class, 89 belonging to the ship, and, I have no doubt, a few stowaways; I was told of some, and I knew of three on board whose names were not on the published list; say, there were six, making a total of 258. The number of passengers were 163, not many for so large a ship as the *London*, but 160 too many, as the end proved.

In the course of the evening the usual questions were asked, as it generally is at the beginning of a voyage — What is to be the length of time for the passage? and usually bets are made. One would give her sixty days; or would bet a dinner that we would be able to take one at the "*Albion*," in Bourke Street, by 10th of March. Others would give her sixty-five to seventy days. One man said, "I'll take odds she never gets to Melbourne. Do you remember what I told you at Gravesend, that she looked like a coffin?" Not a very comforting observation, but I remember it distinctly.

The next morning we were out of sight of land: we had left in the night. I asked one who was up at the time of starting, helping to heave the anchor, what was the time then; he said twelve, or a little before. This our first day (Saturday) was pleasant — light head wind, ship rolling considerably. The coals piled on deck, in sacks, rolled down, and came very nigh killing a little boy. A good number of passengers on deck — making acquaintance. But this day gave us the last opportunity of seeing much of each other. The weather the next day became severe — it was too unpleasant to be on deck, and a great number were seasick and kept to their rooms. I do not think I saw a lady on deck at any time after, excepting on the last day. So Saturday passed over, and Sunday came in, and with it rain, and rather heavy wind, but a little more favorable, and we had now a few sails set. At noon, being on deck, I noticed that the ship's position was posted up, which I now forget; but I distinctly remember that our distance then from Plymouth was 170 miles. Understand what I mean by the position of the ship: on board passenger-vessels, the latitude, longitude, and distance run for the last day, ending at noon, or since last reckoning, is posted up by one of the officers in a conspicuous part of the ship, for the satisfaction of the passengers, who generally keep logs, and can see their position every day on a map or chart. In the afternoon, a clergyman from the after, or chief saloon — the Rev. Mr. Kerr I think was his name — came to our cabin, in second class, and read prayers and gave a short sermon or exhorta-

tion, but under difficulties, as he said he was suffering from sea-sickness: also the water occasionally would come down on his bare head, through the small skylights in the deck-house. Divine service was held in the chief saloon in the morning, I think by Rev. Dr. Wolly. I suppose very few thought of that being their last Sabbath.

Monday, the 8th, came in a little more pleasantly; that is, through the day the sun was to be seen at times, but the wind was still strong and ahead, and the ship under steam, and being low in the water, she made pretty heavy weather of it. The ship's position this day, as far as I can remember, was latitude $46^{\circ} 40'$ N., longitude $7^{\circ} 7'$ W. The distance I can remember more distinctly was 102 miles, we being now 272 miles from Plymouth, and entered on to the Bay of Biscay — that bay of terrible repute, for which I did not fully understand, but do now.

There are unpleasant days at sea, and this was one of them: no comfort below, nor pleasure on deck. I am now speaking of the second-class accommodation on board an Australian passenger steamship of London, not Liverpool. The cabin is between decks, entered by the main hatchway of the ship, nearly midships and just forward of the main-mast. As far as regards the motion of the ship, this is the best part to be in. There were fifty-two passengers and only two stewards, not a sufficient number to do the work. The consequence was, the work was always ahead; everything rough and dirty, everybody complaining.

I felt rather disappointed myself with the arrangements of the ship. Coming down Channel, I saw much to complain of, but said nothing; would make every allowance at the commencement of a voyage, knowing well what those long voyages are, and trusting that all would be right, once we left Plymouth and at sea. But instead of matters improving, they grew worse. Of course, you must make some allowances for the severe weather; and, to make matters worse, there was the steam-winch, that the work of the ship was done by, with its everlasting din and rattle. It was placed on the main deck, close to our hatchway; and while it was working — which was more than half the time — we could not hear each other converse in our cabin; and as for reading — the only solace at sea — why, you would just as much think of taking a book on a cold showery day in winter, and sit on London Bridge to read, as there. On deck it was worse still; for this *London* was a very wet ship, much more so than any I had ever seen. Her decks were continually covered

with water, more or less swashing from one side to the other; and she had such a wholesale way of taking it in. She would roll well over on her side (and she was a devil for rolling!), and scoop in the green seas, and then it would take ten or fifteen minutes before it would run off. The scuppers appeared to me to be very small, and not at all suitable for the purpose. I can very well remember being on deck that afternoon, standing with a few others near the cuddy. You will please understand that the cuddy or chief saloon was on the main-deck, and extended to, say, a third of the length of the ship. The deck over it is the poop, and where none but first-class passengers are permitted. From the cuddy forward to the fore-castle is the large, clear main-deck, or waste, protected by bulwarks and a rail on top, in all together over six feet high — a good shelter from the wind and sea. We had not been there long before over came a sea, wetting us effectually, and taking us up to about the knees. Presently we noticed that the water was not running off. "Oh, I see. Who will wade to the side, and take away that door-mat and rubbish from over the scupper?" It was done, but still no difference. "Get a stick and run it down, perhaps that will clear it. Oh, I see now what is the trouble, the scupper is filled with coal." And so they were most of the time after. They came from the sacks of coal piled on deck. There were also large lumps that had not been put in sacks, which would roll about the decks, to the great danger of men's legs. For two nights after I could hear these lumps of coal rolling about above my head. So at any time after I did not go on deck oftener than was required, for fear of getting hurt; as there were always so many things knocking about the decks, such as lumps of coal, buckets, empty casks, &c., and sometimes we would see a bag of coal moving about with the water. So after remaining on deck until we got nicely drenched, we went to our happy home below, to hear dishes rattling, children crying, women grumbling, and that everlasting steam-winch.

While we were at tea this evening (Monday, the 8th) the ship commenced to roll (it is often remarked at sea that a ship generally commences to roll and pitch at meal times), and shipped a great deal of water, which soon found its way down through the skylight on to our heads. Soon after we shipped another heavy sea — or rather dipped it in out of the Bay of Biscay; and it came rushing down our hatchway in a body, causing quite a scene of consternation among

the ladies, many screaming at once, "Oh, we are sinking!" others crying, "Shut down the lids of the hatch!" One man who had come home in her from Melbourne said, "Oh, you must not mind this, it is an old trick of the *London's*; and more than that, if the lids of the hatch are shut down, it will not prevent the water coming down—they are not made properly: the sides of the covering of the hatch don't fit close to the combings, and also the water floats up the lid, and comes down nearly the same as though there were none!" all of which proved true. After a time the water on deck subsided. Then the men had to fall to and carry up the water in buckets out of their state-rooms, to save their clothes from being spoilt. This continued nearly all night; for by the time the rooms were free, down would come another supply. All the women, excepting a few, remained up all night: not that there was any danger—or rather I did not consider there was. About twelve o'clock I went to bed, as our side of the ship was dry, we being then on the windward side. At four in the morning (of Tuesday, the 9th), I found that the ship was then on the other tack, that we had the leeward side, consequently the water; and I heard a lady in next state room asking some others, her companions who had remained up all night, to come and assist her in keeping the state-room dry, saying they could pray and work too, as she did; I at once got up and assisted her.

When daylight came in, we learned that the wind was still ahead, the weather heavy, the ship under steam, and making very little progress. About ten o'clock I went on deck, and found that the jibboom was carried away, and the fore-royal-mast broken in two and hanging down: soon after the foretopgallant-mast broke off, then the foretop-mast, and all hanging down a wreck. That day, some time after, the main-royal-mast was carried away. The first part of the day rather pleasant: I remember the sun was shining when I went on deck to see the wreck of the foretop-mast. But towards the latter part of the day the wind increased—the ship labouring very much, and a prospect of a wild night. Many now began to express fears, and question the propriety of the captain still forcing the ship in the face of a head-sea. We had several passengers on board who had been sailors. One, I remember, John Hickman, from Ballarat, had his wife and four children on board. He told me he had been brought up to the sea, and was, if I remember right, fourteen years at it. In the afternoon of this day, I saw

Hickman come down from the deck "Well, Hickman," said I, "how do matters look on deck?" He said in reply—"I have been a good deal at sea; I have been in a good many vessels, and I know something about them, but I never yet saw one behave as this. She frightens me—I don't know what to make of her." The same opinions were expressed by others. The women all this time were in a constant state of fear; but their fears were no proof of danger. By seven or eight o'clock matters grew worse, the gale increasing. One of the lifeboats was carried away—lifted out of the davits by the sea. Shipping a deal of water, our hatches had to be closed; but, as I have said before, this did not prevent the water coming in, and by nine o'clock in the evening all was confusion and terror in our second-class cabin: ladies clinging to you, and beseeching you to stay beside them; some in their rooms reading and praying, but the majority out in the open cabin. Fear at this time was not confined entirely to the females. Most of the men had fear in their faces. I myself began to feel very uneasy, for I heard expressions of doubt and fear from many who understood nautical matters. Mr. Munroe, one of the surviving passengers, and who had formerly been at sea, came down about twelve o'clock. I asked him how things looked on deck. He said, "I have been on the poop all the night, and the sight up there is really terrible—seas mounting right over her." "Do you think there is any danger?" I asked. "Yes; not so much from the violence of the gale, as the behaviour of the ship." He added that Captain Martin had been on deck all the time, and it was plain to be seen that he was not at rest in his mind as to the fate of his ship. He (Munroe) said, "I dread to be down here, but I am nearly perished by being on deck so long." And no wonder he dreaded being below. Apart from the horror of being in the company of nearly frantic girls and women, who thought that every roll would be the last, and not quite clear on that point yourself, there was the discomfort that at every roll of the ship the water would shoot down the hatchway, first one side, then the other—then wash to and fro the same as on the upper deck. Then worse than all was the steam, produced by water that went down the engine-hatch on to the hot machinery: this steam came forward and lodged in our cabin, which was very suffocating. During any lull of the sea we lifted the lid to get some fresh air, but most of the time we could not see each other five feet apart. Most of the passen-

gers were sitting on the tables. That night was really terrible, but the next was worse. The ship at this time was hove to, and oh! how she would roll! It was no gentle, undulating motion; she would roll on her side until you were in doubts of her ever coming up again. Then up she would come with a jerk; and when she did rise there was a general displacement of boxes, trunks, chairs, buckets, and other movable articles, placed on board in confusion at Gravesend and Plymouth. How the passengers fared in the other parts of the ship, or what their fears were, I can't say. Those in the after-part, I think, would not see the same danger as we; at any rate they would not be so inconvenienced as we were. We could now see that we had more than the dangers of a gale to contend with. It was quite evident our ship was deeply, if not over laden. She was a ship built for speed, of great length for her breadth—belonging to a class of ships that cannot be loaded with safety in proportion to her tonnage, like those of the old style. She was, perhaps, safe enough when properly loaded, with less top-hamper, not so heavily sparred, and properly equipped. And besides, it was the prevailing opinion on board that she was not prepared for a gale. It appeared as if she had been forced to sea in a hurry, and there was confusion above deck as well as below. Work was always ahead. The sailors were continually at work, and yet the ship was never "snugged," as the saying is at sea. The crew had not got used to the ship; and, another difficulty, many were foreigners, and did not understand English. Once I saw Mr. Angel, one of the officers, directing a man to do something: the poor fellow was anxious to do it right, but every attempt was wrong; at last I discovered that he did not understand a word that was said to him. I also noticed a want of regularity and discipline in the ship. I make this observation with no desire to throw discredit on any one, or insinuate that the loss of the ship was in any way attributable to this; but I think it will all tend to show that there was not that sufficient preparation, or that proper regard to life, at the outset, and in the despatching of the ship, that there ought to have been; yet I feel fully convinced as I now write this, that had the same gale overtaken us two months after, on the last week of our voyage, the *London* would not have succumbed to it as she did. I believe she was a good, strong, well-built ship; but that is not where the fault rests; it's in the cramming her so full of goods that even the space allotted to the passengers

was encroached on. This interfered with the working of the ship when trouble overtook us.

As I said before, fear was not confined to the females; we all experienced it more or less. Of course we men endeavoured to disguise our real feelings from them—going from one room to the other cheering them up as best we could. This state of things continued all night. About two in the morning (Wednesday) I went to my room, and had a short sleep, the last I had in the *London*. When I awoke I then found a slight improvement in the cabin—not so much water coming down, and the ship rolling less: she had been put round an hour before to return to Plymouth, and was running close-hauled.

When daylight came in, the wind had somewhat abated, but the sea was very heavy. We then had to go to work, and carry up water out of our rooms. I went on deck at nine in the morning, and looked over the side just abaft the main rigging, and saw the two pieces of broken booms that had been carried away the previous day, still towing by the iron rigging and thumping against the ship's sides. I was told by one of the firemen that night that there were one or two forward dead-lights knocked in by these booms. The most of this day, say up to three o'clock, the crew were engaged in getting in-board the wreck of the boom, for what purpose I never understood, nor do I know now, unless it was fear of it coming in contact with the screw. Even so I think that in towing it to the stern, and then letting it go adrift, there would have been no danger. As it was, it proved a cause of trouble to us: it was lashed that afternoon just alongside of the engine-room skylight, and at night, when the gale increased, it got loose from its lashings and was knocking about, there always being a deal of water on the deck; and by the action of it and the sea the skylight over the engine-room was carried away, which was the immediate cause of the ship's loss.

When it was known in the morning that we were returning to England, everybody appeared much pleased. Then commenced new speculations, many saying they would not return in this ship, they didn't like her, some would go by another vessel, some would give up going to Australia altogether. Several asked me what I intended doing. I said, "If the ship goes I go. I am not afraid of the *London*" (although I was the previous night,) "if she is properly managed. When she gets repaired and put in proper sea-trim, she will go all right. She

was started this time before she was ready. I think the owners and captain will have learned a severe lesson not to attempt the like again."

We had a scrambling dinner that day, which was the last meal we had together. It was very good, under the circumstances, — thanks to a good steward.

A small vessel passed near us. I did not see her, not happening to be on deck at the time, but I heard many speaking of having seen her. People have since asked why Captain Martin did not request this vessel to remain near us. That is a question no one can answer. He may have said, "I have perfect confidence in my own ship," and I know the feeling in our cabin was perfect reliance on his judgment. The whole day (Wednesday) was dull and gloomy; heavy cross seas, ship labouring, no comfort anywhere. Darkness came on early, the wind increased, the sky looked wild, everything bespoke a terrible night: and the anxious countenances of all seemed to have forebodings of danger. I dreaded the thoughts of another such night as last. I thought of the hatchway, and said to Munroe, "Here is night coming on, and a prospect of a severe one, and yet nothing has been done to prevent the water coming down." He said, "I know it. I have told Mr. Harris (the first officer) about it, and all the satisfaction I got was, 'Let it go down.' If they would only let me have canvas and pump-tacks, I would do it myself. I will try again." After a while I heard some one hammering overhead. When he returned, I said, "Well, you have succeeded at last." He said, "No, only partially. I got enough canvas, but could get only half enough pump-tacks. Everything is alike on board, everything in confusion, nothing can be got that is required."

At length night set in: hatches were closed down and fastened on the inside, to prevent the water from floating them up; but still the water came in — first one side, then the other — with every roll. By seven or eight o'clock we were in as great a state of terror as on the previous night, and with more cause, for the gale was more violent. The steam was so troublesome that we could not open the lids for a moment to let in air. The sensation in the cabin then was really awful. I never shall be able to convey any idea of it. Imagine what your feelings would be, waiting and expecting every moment to meet death. Add to that the dismal sound of water rushing in. You could not see it through the cloud of steam and dim lights, and were not sure whether the ship

was filling or not; in fact, a foot of water washing to and fro, carrying with it every moveable article, strengthened your fears that she was. Then at every heavy roll a woman shrieked. There was one young girl nearly frantic. By nine o'clock we were in worse state than ever; when the ship rolled there would be nearly two feet of water in the cabin. It would come in with a rush, then back again to the other side, carrying with it anything that was not lashed. The boards of the lower berths were washed out, and the bedding would drop down, and then, by the roll of the ship, was carried out into the cabin, and there floated about. There was a lady in the next state-room — about the only one who remained in her berth — and whom I was assisting to prevent her trunks being broken; both of us up to our knees in water, in which various articles, such as buckets, pieces of boxes, clothing of every description, apples, books and papers were swimming. A few of the women were quite collected — talking as calmly as on land. One in particular I remember, Mrs. M —, who had come home in this ship on her last voyage from Melbourne; she said to me, "I feel as if I never should see land again. I am loth to give up life, but it is not so much on my own account as for those I leave behind. I was married only two months before leaving Melbourne. I know my husband will mourn my death very much. I came home to settle some property. And another thing I regret very much is, that I have brought this little niece of mine with me" (a nice girl of about twelve or thirteen years). "I induced her father and mother to let her come with me." "Never mind," says the little niece, "I am happy, aunt, and we will die together." And I think they did. They were the last whom I spoke to in the cuddy, just before leaving the ship. They were then close together, sitting at one of the tables, and the water nearly up to the seat, and not far from the Rev. Mr. Draper.

I often stood that night watching the port-hole in the state-room — when the ship would take those awful lurches. I would see the water dark and still against the glass of the port; it would remain so for half a minute or more. I would say to myself, "Is she sinking now, and twenty feet under water, or is she at her old tricks?" Presently I would see the water in a foam against the glass, and then I would say, "She is all right yet."

So the evening wore on — all of us more or less frightened; with the females, some reading and praying, some their husbands

comforting. In one cabin where there were several congregated, one woman had five children: two of the smaller ones were playing about in the bed as happy as could be: some one remarked that their innocence and happiness were to be envied. The children at no time showed much fear—even those of eight or ten years of age did not seem to realize their danger. Several females, still seated on the tables, had never been in bed since Sunday night; their clothes wet, their eyes red from the hot steam. Occasionally a man would come in from the deck, and his report would be anything but consoling. Our means of getting on deck now was through to the afterpart and up through the cuddy.

About ten o'clock, the purser of the ship came into our cabin. I spoke to him about the water being there. "Oh, you have nothing to complain of," he said, "we are just as bad aft: we have been carrying it out of the state-rooms all the evening." I said it was very wrong that it should be there when it could have been so easily prevented by securing the hatches—not on account of the danger, but for the comfort of the passengers: they had plenty of warning—last night was nearly as bad. He said, "There is no danger of it; it runs aft to the engine-pumps, and is pumped up." But what was the consequence? its weight all told with a heavily-laden ship; it all tended to bring her deeper in the water. In a few minutes after, the fires were out—the engine stopped: what use were their pumps then, and where was the water? Still there.

While the purser and I were talking, there came some sailors, and rushed past us going to the room where the sails were kept. I heard one say to another, "Let us make haste with a sail, or she will sink." At that moment I heard an order from one of the sailors that all men were wanted on the poop. I knew this applied to the passengers, and felt there must be something very serious now. Immediately we left to go aft, leaving the women alone: only a few men having children remained behind, their wives begging of them not to go. In getting there we had to grope our way through a long dark passage, say sixty or eighty feet in length, and over the top of stores, luggage, &c., that were piled in some places within two feet of the deck. Once through, and in passing the engine-room, we could see there was water rushing down. A short time before, the skylight over the engine-room hatch had been washed off, and this was the cause of the consternation. At

this time I was not aware of it, but hurried by to get up on the poop, the place we were ordered to. There a dismal sight presented itself, and one I shall never forget. The gale was at its height. The night was very dark; but from lights held at the cuddy windows to give light on the deck in front, and which reflected up the mainmast, could be seen the half of the maintopsail still standing, and the other half blown away, the shreds blown straight out at right angles with the yard by the force of the wind. The winds whistling through the wire rigging produced a dreadful sound. Waves lashed the sides of the ship—now and then one breaking over her, she laying over very much. There was a boiling foam level with the railings, and a little farther off could be seen seas ten or fifteen feet above us, with a phosphorescent crest showing through the dark. While standing there, viewing this scene of wild fury, and supporting myself by the companion-way, others were coming up the steps; so I let go my hold, and reached across to catch hold of a railing round the screw-shaft or opening, where it was drawn up out of water when disconnected, but I found nothing to hold on by but a smooth wall. All at once I found myself sliding down to leeward, and nothing to prevent me going over the low iron railing into the boiling foam below, when suddenly I caught hold of something in the dark that brought me up. No one but myself knew what a narrow escape I had—even to the present day it sends a thrill through me when I think of it.

Soon after getting on the poop I saw there was nothing to be done there, and with the others went down again. I then went into the cuddy, which was well lit up; it was full of people. There was a clergyman praying at the time, very fervently, and all joined in with deep and earnest Amens. It was a solemn and trying moment: I remained there about five minutes until prayers were ended, when all arose and with one consent showed a willingness to assist in any way for our safety; even some of the ladies were very energetic—assisting the best they could, and encouraging others. Of course there were some quite prostrated with fear. Very much has been said upon the remarkable coolness and resignation evinced by all, which certainly was the case during the last twelve or fourteen hours: but when our helpless position was first apparent to every one, then fear and excitement showed itself more or less in every face; but there was no raving, no running to and fro but in the way of assisting. Several were advising what the

captain should do. I heard one gentleman, a first-class passenger, crying out, "Tell the captain to shut the watertight compartments and run to land." I said to myself, "That request is useless now, as the ship is filling through the openings in the deck; if it were a hole knocked through her bottom, these compartments might be of some use. As for running to land, 'tis too late; we have to go wherever the wind takes us." As soon as prayers were over, I heard one of the officers order more lights to be held to the windows to enable the men to see how to secure the engine-room hatch. I got two swing-lights from the after-part of the cuddy, and took them to the windows. There were several holding lights at the time; a lady came to us—she was rather tall and exceedingly handsome—and proposed that the ladies should hold the lights if we could assist in anything else. Sails were being got up at the time from the second cabin. I went below 'tween decks to assist with the sails. As I passed along by the engine-room, Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, sung out to the firemen below to come up. Soon I saw three men come, who said, "It's useless to try any longer; the fires are out and the water up to our middle." All this took place in a short time—say about ten minutes from the time I went on to the poop, then to the cuddy, and then to the engine-room, 'tween decks. Water was coming down at the time, but the mass of it was stopped by sails, &c., placed over the opening. While I stood by the engine-room holding a light for the men who were seeking sails, I had an opportunity of learning our actual condition from the captain, officers, doctor, and engineer, who frequently met there. They had little hope, though they endeavoured to disguise the actual danger. The engineer, Mr. Greenhill, took a light from me to go down into the engine to have a look. It seemed to me a very dangerous undertaking, as there was water still going down, and I could hear it washing about below. He was a very active and able young man. I did not see him return, and felt very uneasy about him—some time after I was relieved to see him, he had come up without my noticing him. At this time, almost all the passengers were assisting; among them was G. V. Brooke, without coat or hat, working with a will. I then helped with a sail which they were getting through to take up on deck; when it was up, I heard an order to bring mattresses, beds, &c., to put in this opening over the engine-room, to prevent it going down in a body; then afterwards to

be covered over with sails. The ladies immediately went into their rooms and turned up their beds to get at the mattress. The conduct of some of the ladies was certainly heroic in aiding, directing, and encouraging. After the mattresses were passed out on deck, I went below again. It was then proposed that the passengers should get buckets and pass up water from between decks, as every little would lighten, though two were coming in for one taken out. Buckets were accordingly produced, and fifty or eighty men were soon employed in passing along buckets of water. Some time after, say half-past one o'clock (Thursday morning, the 11th), as we were arranged along 'tween decks, the captain came to us and said, "Men, put down those buckets, and come and try to secure the engine-room hatch, for that is the only chance to save the ship." It has been thought that there must have been some other leak than the engine-room hatch,—the captain's words do not favour the supposition. Immediately some one sung out, "More sails wanted." A very large one was brought, the last one of the lot (as I was told). It was very heavy, and they had great difficulty in getting it along.

The sails were kept in a store or state-room, on the starboard side abaft the mainmast; they could not be taken aft by the passage-way on that side of the ship, as it was blocked up with freight or luggage; consequently they had to be taken forward around the mainmast and down the passage-way on the port side, where there was just room enough left to crawl over; and here is where the detention was, a truly painful one at that time. As the sail was thus delayed, some came down to see what was the cause; first the captain, asking, "What is detaining you? hurry it along!" then Mr. Tycehurst, the second officer, singing out, "Hurry up that sail!" then some one else, "For God's sake bring along that sail, or the ship will sink!" I mention this to show how every space was choked up that should have been clear, and also to show the unprepared state of the ship for an emergency. At length the sail was got over (I think the passage-way had to be cleared first), and through on to the deck. There we could best understand our hopeless condition. There was much water on deck, perhaps never less than two feet on the lee side; though she was not taking much over on the weather side, she would roll over and take it over the lee rail; then when she rolled to windward, up would come a tide two to three feet deep, carrying everything before it. It is no wonder then

the skylight was carried away, particularly when there was a piece of a spar striking against it.

About fifty men were on deck assisting to put the sail where it was required, and where there were already a pile of them about three feet high. The great difficulty appeared to be in preventing the water from floating up the whole pile of sails and getting down. The one we had just brought up was spread over all the others, and nailed to the deck on the lee side with great difficulty. I saw Mr. Harris and the carpenter driving nails in a foot of water. We were about half-an-hour at this job, and oh, how it did blow, and how cold was the water, and what a medley of dismal noises there was—men hallooing, the sea roaring, and the rigging whistling! At this time I heard the captain give orders that the pumps should be kept going. When the sail was placed over, I went into the cuddy, and passed on down below to assist in carrying up water—fully convinced that the ship must sink. I did not expect her to keep afloat till daylight, and am astonished to this day that she floated as long as she did. I remember saying twice that night to a young man, "This ship will sink before morning, and there will not be one left to tell the tale." My prophecy did not prove true. It was an error in judgment, a thing which few like to own to, but I am happy to do so in this instance.

Again below, I joined in the ranks of those passing buckets of water. Presently Mr. Grant, one of the junior officers, came round raising volunteers for the pumps. At this time there was a great difficulty in getting men to go to the pumps; not but what they were willing to work, but they dreaded going on to the deck—the night dark and cold—and a danger of being washed out to sea. I consented to go, though I dreaded it as much as the others; moreover, I felt very weak and fatigued, having eaten little that day. On my way up, I noticed that the stern ports on the starboard side were knocked in, and the water coming in; later in the morning those on the port side were also stove in. On my way out, through the cuddy, I noticed that almost everybody had become very quiet. Ladies were sitting together talking, some reading. Those from the second cabin were there also, as well as the children. Men had become much more calm than they were three or four hours previous; there was very little conversation; every one seemed wrapped in his own thoughts. I got to the cuddy door to go out, watching an opportunity

when the ship was over to leeward to open the door, so that the water should not rush in. Once on deck, what a sensation it was! Water whirling round you up to the knees—wind piercing cold—night intensely dark. I felt my way along in the darkness, again steadying myself by the ropes, &c. on the weather bulwarks, to about midships, to where the pumps were. I found about a dozen men there. I could barely distinguish figures in the dark, though I recognized a few voices. It required six to turn the wheels that worked the pumps, three at each handle. All were passengers there at the time, excepting two of the officers, Mr. Angel and Mr. Grant. Mr. Angel was placed to see the pumps were kept going—and nobly he did his duty. I saw him there after we had left the ship, still at his post, encouraging and assisting. There were no sailors at the pumps at any time after I went out. I do not think worse of them for this. They had had a hard week of it—most all the time at work—all the time wet; poorly fed for the last day or two. Some were disabled by so much lumber on deck; I saw several who had had wounds. Mr. Munroe went to the forecabin once to get men for the pumps, and twenty pleaded illness. The work at the pumps was very laborious. We had to take brief spells, being short-handed; occasionally we would have a fresh hand, whom Mr. Grant had persuaded to come, while others left off, quite done up; and indeed it was a trying place. The seas broke over us so roughly, that sometimes I felt the water up round my neck. At those moments the pumps would have to stop; but as soon as the tide had receded, then would be heard Mr. Angel's voice, "Round with the pumps, keep them going." There was a good deal of talking and encouraging to keep up pluck and make the work go lighter. I felt much happier here, away from the women, for seeing so many frightened made me feel worse, and when inside you did not know how matters stood, whether she was sinking or not; and I had a great horror of being shut up inside when she did go. After being about an hour there we were getting fatigued—wanted a stimulant—and wishing we could get something to drink. One said, "I will try and get some." He went to the cuddy and returned with a bottle of whiskey, which was fully appreciated. It gave us new life. Some time after, Mr. Main, a passenger, and I were sent to the cuddy to raise volunteers, as we were getting worn out. When we got in I saw a good many men sitting there, and asked

every one; some went out, some were not well, some sitting beside their wives and children. The mother would say, "Oh, do not take him from me!" Most of the passengers were still below, carrying up water.

Daylight at length came in, and then we could see what a helpless log our ship was. She was then pretty low at the stern, and when she rolled seemed going right under. The sensation to any one on deck was truly awful. None seemed to blame Captain Martin, and at no time did I hear anybody reproaching him. But the expressions towards the owners were quite different: they were anything but blessings.

The weather in the morning was very dull and unsettled. The wind was not so furious as in the night, but the sea still heavy. A few now talked about the boats, though none entertained much hopes of them,—of those remaining—for the life-boats were both gone. The last one had been washed away the evening previous, and one of the cutters was stove, and hanging down at the side of the ship by the stern-fall from the davit. The mate to it on the opposite side was still good, also two iron pinnaces, capable of carrying say thirty each, and a small wooden boat forward near the fore-castle. The two iron boats were swung on davits on board. About nine o'clock in the morning, and while I was still at the pumps, I saw them making ready the starboard iron boat. The captain had given orders to get the boats ready. I did not leave the pumps to seek a chance in the boat, although there was one whom I knew who was helping in preparing her for sea. I had previously made up my mind to stop by the ship till the last, in case any vessel should come to our rescue, although we had no distress signals up; for why, I cannot say. I am puzzled to this day why Captain Martin did not have up signals, as a vessel, if she did happen to sight us, and we not her, of course would take no notice and pass on. Another reason why I was so indifferent about the boats was this: I thought that where a large ship could not live, a small boat could not. I saw the boat lowered, and several jump over the side to get in her. Soon I saw them climbing in again. The boat had been swamped in lowering her, and she sank. I think, but am not sure, that one or two were drowned at that time.

Steam had now been got up in the donkey-engine, which was a house on deck forward, and shortly it was connected with the pumps, and we were relieved. I then climbed up on the poop, where everything

presented a gloomy appearance: the boat sinking had destroyed all hope. We had still three boats, but they were on the weather side; the ship would have to be brought round before they could be lowered. There was no effort made at that time to get them out. People were walking about, very quiet and very anxious. I saw the captain then, also Mr. Tycehurst; several ladies walking about bare-headed, their hair flying about with the wind, but calm and resigned, and very little being said. They were walking about just as you see people at a railway station when they are waiting for a train. I saw and spoke to the young girl who was so frantic at first: now she was as reasonable and calm as anybody. I then thought, as a good many thought, that we were not long for this world; death was staring us in the face. I felt loth to give up life; I enjoy life. There was also the uppermost thought of all, the uncertain hereafter. I said to myself, "Well, I suppose I am as prepared now as I should be twenty years to come." I regretted most for those I was leaving behind, and whom I had come on a visit half round the world to see; and now to be drowned in returning, and that in such a stupid, unsatisfactory way! There appeared to be no excuse for it whatever. True, we had a severe gale, but I fancied I had seen as heavy a one before. It appeared to me that a new, strong, well-built ship had been thrown away. Had our ship been driven on to a rock, or had taken fire, or met with some unavoidable accident, I should not have felt so bad. I always dread to think, or to get talking on this part of it; for my feelings of sorrow become mixed with feelings of regret and reproach against some one for so cruel a sacrifice.

Whilst on the deck at this time I saw the sailors going about throwing overboard any articles they could—hencoops, useless gear, &c. I then looked about to see what prospect there was of saving myself. Hope had not altogether deserted me. I looked out on to the sea, and asked myself the question, What boat could live there but a lifeboat? There was no vessel in sight. I then turned my eyes to the deck. I saw a piece of a board or side of a hencoop, and said to myself, "I shall keep near that when she sinks." It appears now a ridiculous idea to expect that to save me, then 190 miles from land! I remained on deck about half an hour, and then went below to the cuddy, to see how fared my lady acquaintances, it then being about ten o'clock. Just as I was turning to go down, I noticed the sailors

were beginning to get the port-cutter ready, and I heard one say, "This boat is for the captain and ladies;" so any hopes I had from this boat were destroyed then; for I would not try to get in it, and destroy the chance of any of the ladies. So took no notice of it, and passed on below, intending to keep a pretty sharp look-out when she was going to sink, to rush on deck to where my board was.

When I got to the cuddy the usual question was put by the women, as it was to any one coming in from the deck, "What hopes now?" I said, "We are afloat still; and while we are afloat we are alive, is all I can say." At this time I thought it wrong to disguise our actual condition; in fact, the captain did not. He had been in the cuddy some time previous, and told all to "prepare for the worst, nothing but a miracle would save us now!" which dreadful assertion was received with no fresh outburst of terror. All the women from the second cabin were sitting by themselves. Those from the steerage part of the ship were in the cuddy also. No distinction now. There were fathers and mothers, with their families of three, four, and five, grouped around them — the children very quiet. They did not seem to understand why their fathers and mothers were crying so; and, poor little things, many were standing up to their knees in water. The Rev. Mr. Draper was sitting about the middle of the cuddy, at one of the tables, with many round him, reading and praying unceasingly. Now and then would be heard a voice, saying, "Oh, Mr. Draper, pray with me." There were also to be seen men by themselves, reading the Bible. I remember seeing a newly-married couple sitting by themselves, weeping bitterly. He had lately returned from Australia, had got married, and had induced many of his relations to return with him. They were on board — in all nine, I have since heard. He appeared to be reproaching himself for having taken her away from her home. She was consoling and comforting him as best she could, saying she was happy, and they would die together. One poor young girl was writing a message on an envelope. I little thought I might have been the bearer of it. She probably intended putting it in a cask or keg that was being got ready by a friend of hers, as I learned afterwards. A young man whom I know was instrumental in starting it; his name was Row, of New Zealand. This keg has not yet turned up.

I conversed with many I knew; every one seemed fully to understand that there

was no chance of being saved. A few clung to the hope that a vessel would yet come. Some of the sailors circulated a report that a vessel was in sight, to quiet them. I remained there until say twelve o'clock. Matters getting worse and worse, I could not remain below, but went up on deck again, bidding some whom I knew good-by. As I went to the door to go up the steps I found a number of people standing on the ladder-way, apparently bewildered. I turned round and took the last look I ever had of the cuddy; the sight is indelibly stamped on my memory. I found some difficulty in pushing my way through the crowd to gain the deck. The day had brightened up a little, the sun would occasionally show out. The wind and sea were still heavy, but I think had abated since morning. I noticed the sailors were still about the same boat, intending soon to lower it; but as I had previously heard this was for the ladies and captain, of course I never looked to it with any hope for my safety. I glanced at the state of the ship, wondering at the length of time she kept together — which raised false hopes with many, not that she would ever get to land, but that she might live long enough for a vessel to come to take us off. For my part I thought she might keep afloat four or five hours yet (at this time I would not ask anybody's opinion for fear of being misled), and concluded I would go down to my state-room to put on a dry coat. I thought I might as well live comfortably for a few hours, if I had to die then. Before going, I satisfied myself she would not sink while I was below, as I had a long distance to go, and had a particular horror of being closed in. I went down the companion-way to the cuddy-deck, then around and down to between decks. At this time the passengers had ceased with the buckets, thinking their labour useless. There was no one there at the time but the captain. He had been having a look at the engine-room. I spoke to him, and asked him if he thought it any use to still continue carrying up water; if so, I would go and try and get them together again. He did not care about answering me, and walked back to the engine-room, and I with him. We looked down, and a frightful place it was: the water coloured black with the coal, and washing about and breaking up the iron floorings or platforms, and producing an unearthly noise. And a great pool of water it appeared to be. We stood looking for a minute or two. When he turned to go aft, I said, "Well, captain, what do you say?" He replied, "You may,

but I think it's no use." We then went up the steps on to the cuddy-deck. There was a division between the after state-rooms and the cuddy. In passing these rooms we saw some sailors and firemen in there opening cases of liquor, and some with bottles of brandy in their hands: there were several drunk at this time. The captain said to them, calling some by name, "Don't do that, boys! don't die cowards!" I saw a sailor down on his knees, feeling about in a foot of water for a sovereign he had dropped out of his mouth: he was as cool and eager looking for it as a street Arab would be for a sixpence he had seen fall. I saw standing at the cuddy-door a first-class passenger with a life-preserver strapped round him. I then turned and went down again to go to my room, opened one of my trunks, took out a coat, saw my watch and purse; thought to myself, well, I may as well take them; laid them out, shut the trunk, was particular in locking it (such is the force of habit): then put my watch in my pocket. At that moment the ship gave a roll, the water covering the port, which darkened the room, and in picking up my coat, my purse fell into the water. There was about a foot and a half there at the time. I put my arm down, and felt for half a minute, like the sailor for the sovereign, but could not find it: then walked out into the cabin; there were about half-a-dozen there at the time. I saw a Mr. Lemmon, of Melbourne; I spoke to a Mr. Harding, — he shook his head as much as to say he did not wish to be interrupted then: some sitting with their heads resting on the table — almost all preparing for death, and patiently waiting. I saw an elderly person strapping up a railway-rug into a bundle; shortly after he was seen on deck with it, when the captain, with a faint smile, asked him if he intended taking it with him. I have since been told by friends of this gentleman that he had a thousand sovereigns with him; and probably these were in the rug. On my way back to the engine-room, I was alarmed at seeing that a serious change had taken place — a deal more water was rushing down. From what I saw, I thought the pile of sails over the opening above had floated up, the water pouring in underneath. I looked over into the engine-room below, and noticed that the water had increased considerably since the captain and I were there: it was now within two or three feet of the deck on which I was standing. I got on the poop as soon as I could, knowing now that the end was near. I had some difficulty in getting up the staircase between the cuddy and the poop, as it

was crowded with people, who were all mute. It was then about one o'clock or half-past one in the day, Thursday, 11th January. Just as I got on to the poop I saw an elderly couple, man and wife, with three children, two little girls about eight to ten years of age, and an infant. I am not sure, but I think they were the same who were wrecked a short time previously in the *Dunbar*, and this was the second, if not the third, attempt they had made to get to Australia. The mother and the two girls were sitting on the lee-side, close to the mizzen rigging, and the father alongside of them, holding an infant in his arms, and shielding it from the spray that was blowing clean over from windward. I took the mother and two girls up, and set them midships in the lee of the after companion-way. In about half-an-hour after, and just before we left the ship, I saw the mother and two girls washing about on deck, drowned.

When I got on deck this last time, I found the ship being put round to bring the boats on the lee side, so that they could be lowered. The sun would show out occasionally — very heavy and troubled sea yet — people still walking about, calmly watching the scene. The captain was walking up and down the poop with a long mackintosh coat on, and a cap of same material tied close down under his chin. Poor man! I pitied him. It was a trying moment to each of us, but how much more must it be to a captain at a time like that, when every one looks up to him as their head; when ladies come up to him and ask if there is any hope, and he has to say No; when one or more ask him if he would advise them to go in the boat, he has to tell them, "I think there is no hope for you," which amounts to saying, "No, you had better remain here, and be drowned at once." I felt very much for him situated at that moment; I felt at peace with every one, even the owners. The ship at this time was nearly on a level keel, and very low at the stern, and rolling much like a log — not those sudden tosses and jerks. There was no one at the helm, it (the wheel) was lashed with a rope. I looked around to see what prospect there was of being saved, and saw that the small wooden boat near the fore-castle had been got out to the ship's side to be lowered, the bows were just over the railing. At this time, nor at any time after did I see any men near it for the purpose of launching it. The port iron pinnace was still hanging in its place; no order was given that I heard, nor any preparation made for lowering it. I saw a young man in it trying to do something, but

he knew nothing of a boat. There was only one boat being got ready—the same one I have mentioned before—that for the captain and ladies,—the port cutter, a fine wooden boat, and still hanging in the davits, with several men in it. I stood by for a time watching the proceedings, when it gradually dawned on my mind that the sailors had this boat in their own possession, entirely under their own control. I never saw any of the officers giving any orders or directions; and as for the ladies, I saw no preparation towards getting any on board. The facts of the case were, as I afterwards learned—that after the first boat swamping in the morning, there seemed not much chance of any getting lowered and cleared from the ship with safety; which would account for the captain's not having his first order in the morning carried out,—of getting the boats ready; for if he saw reason to get the boats ready then, surely he must have seen more now. But a few of the sailors were evidently men who knew what could be done with a boat at sea, and agreed among themselves to fit out this boat, and have a trial for their lives. They got her ready with oars, compasses, bucket, bailer, life-buoys, biscuits, &c. The captain may have directed, but I never understood so; and, for the half-hour or more that I was on deck at the last, I did not see him interfere, and I was near the boat all the time. So when I saw how matters stood with regard to this boat, I then and there determined to get in her if possible. Once that boat is in the water (thought I), I will jump in, and I don't think they will put me out. Presently I saw a sailor step over, and get in the stern of the boat, which was still hanging in the davits; he was one of those who had helped prepare her, and one I knew by sight—the only one on board. Our acquaintance was very slight, and made by chance. When on my way from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury, he got in at Stepney, and sat on the same seat with me, and from that circumstance we spoke once or twice on board. I then went up to the side of the ship, and spoke to him in a free sailor-like way. Though not a seafaring man myself, I had been thrown during my life very much amongst sailors, and fancied I understood them pretty well, and knew their dislike to ceremony or to a line of distinction being drawn between them and the rest of society; so I asked him in an off-handed manner, wishing to establish a fellow feeling. It had the desired effect. He said, "Yes, but take your chance when she is in the water," which was all I wanted;

for if I had been allowed to have got in before, I think I would not, as I was afraid she might upset in the lowering, as the first did. I soon found that my plan for gaining a favour at that time was decidedly the best, as I heard men beseeching of them to let them go, also offering large amounts of money; the answer was, "We don't want your money." When my friend the sailor gave me permission to go, I thought of the ladies; and asked myself the question, "Am I robbing them of any chance they might have?" and said to my friend in the boat, "Well, I do not like going and leaving those behind," pointing to some that were standing near the mizzen-mast. "Not that I thought many could be saved; but should like to have a few in the boat, in case we were saved, to show we were not selfish. He said, "I am as sorry as you, but it can't be helped; try and save yourself:" which nerved me, and also showed to me the impossibility of saving any, unless they jumped after the boat was lowered. Anybody would say, "Why not lower them in the boat?" but that was where the danger was, in case she upset, as a great many expected she would. If this sailor had said to me, "Yes, get one or two, and put them in the boat," I would not have done it; for I could not have advised females to go where I was afraid to go myself. Many at this time were standing near; some passengers and some of the foreign sailors were trying to get into the boat, but were prevented by one of the sailors whose duty it was to see she was not overloaded, for if so they could not lower her with any safety. The assistant-surgeon was pleading very hard for himself and a young lady, and I heard one say to him, "Keep your money, and as for a doctor we don't want one." By the remark I judged he had been offering money, and I heard him say, "You must take me, you will want a doctor." This same young lady I saw soon after talking with one of the sailors; I heard after that she offered him 500*l.* if he would save her. I do know not her name. She was about middle height, and I think fair complexion and very pretty. He was anxious to save her, but I suppose he thought as others that it would not be advisable for her then to get in the boat. There was another young lady, also very pretty. She came to the side, and said to this sailor-friend of mine—"Young man, will you save me?" He said, "Yes, you jump as soon as you see the boat in the water all right;" and when the boat was in the water he held up his arms (she was then holding on by the mizzen-rigging), and told

her to jump, but she would not. Often during the night after I heard him regretting that she did not jump. In the troubled state of the sea at that time, it was a very dangerous jump: if you fell into the water, then good-by; no one would pull you in. I foresaw this difficulty, and provided against any such contingency, by asking my friend in court if he would pull me in in case I should fall into the water, which he promised to do; luckily I did not have occasion to test his honest intentions, which I never for a moment doubted.

By this time, say five or ten minutes before the boat was lowered, and about half-past one or nearly two o'clock of Thursday, the 11th, the ship was settling gradually by the stern. Any one who was keeping a sharp look-out could not but help seeing there was a great change within a quarter of an hour. People were still walking about—the number on deck increasing. I saw the captain amongst them, apparently giving no directions; now and then a lady would speak to him. A good many were standing in a group near the companion-way, scarcely a word being said. I saw some of those I knew, but did not even exchange a word with any one, excepting Munroe, when once he came near me. I said to him, "I intend to have a trial for this boat," not with the purpose of wishing to influence him, as I could not advise anybody at that time, but I wished to get his opinion as to the probability of a boat living in such a sea. All he said, "Are you?" and walked away. I began to fear that the ship would go from under us before the boat was lowered, so said to my acquaintance in the boat, "Unless you lower soon, you will be too late." He said, "We can't lower till King comes." He was one of their party, who had gone below to see if any water could be got to take with them; presently he came up, and they told him to come in, and they would lower. He then walked a short distance to where Captain Martin was, to ask him if he would go with them. He declined, saying (which I did not hear, being too far away), "God speed you safe to land." Then King asked him for the course and distance to land; he said, "E.N.E., ninety miles to Brest." King must have misunderstood him, as we were then fully 190 miles off. King returned and jumped into the boat, and immediately they lowered, being about a dozen in her. I got on to the rail, holding on to the mizen-rigging; as soon as I saw that she was safe in the water, I stepped down on to the mizen-chains, then watched my opportunity when the boat rose on the

sea, and made a cautious leap right into her stern. I did not have far to jump, about four or five feet, by waiting until a sea lifted the boat. Immediately that I was in, I saw the boat was drawing under the channels of the ship, and was in imminent peril. I at once got out an oar, as did two others, and we pressed the boat off. When the sailors saw that the boat was safe, and there was a chance of getting away, then they were anxious to have a few women. Mr. Munroe was at the side intending to leap, when they sung out to bring a lady; he turned round and ran his eyes around the few to find, naturally enough, one he knew; not seeing one, he made a few steps to the middle of the deck and asked the nearest, a young girl of sixteen or eighteen, if she would go. She said, "Yes." They went to the side to jump; but when she saw the fearful sight below, the little boat being tossed about, with a prospect of being smashed at every heave of the sea against the iron wall of the ship, she said, "I can't do that." There was no time for delay or consideration; as she would not leap, Munroe, seeing the boat shoving off, leaped in himself. All this took place in about a minute or two—that is, the lowering and getting away. After the boat was shoved off the first time, she drew in again. There appeared to be a suction at the stern, and I saw when she drew in this time that she was drawing right under the stern—which would have been sudden death to us. The oars were again brought to bear against the side of the ship; we were then, I think, more in dread of being lost by getting under the ship's side than in fear of too many jumping. At that time there was no attempt made by any to prevent any one from getting in—all on board could have jumped. There was only one man prevented getting in, and that was one of the foreign sailors: he came down by the falls from the davits, and some one pressed them on one side so that if he dropped he would go into the water. The boat was apparently crowded full, and I heard one remark (which was very true). "Why don't they go and get out the other boats? why all look to this one, as if there was no other on board?" It still is an unaccountable thing to me why Captain Martin did not see and have those boats got ready, properly manned and officered, and then tell some of the ladies, "There is your only chance; accept it, if you choose." The second time the boat was shoved off her bows were got round, and soon we were pulling away on the port side, and running before the wind. Just then a heavy sea was seen to break over the ship's

stern, and wash the people about the deck; but just before we saw a good many, both men and women, standing on the lee-side of the forward part of the poop, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. The sun had just shone out at that time, which made the scene appear worse to me. I thought dark and gloom more suitable for such a sad moment, and more in keeping with the feelings of those on board. Not that I rejoiced over my position, or considered myself much better off, for we did not know the moment we would be swallowed up.

I saw distinctly Mr. Angel still by the pumps; many with their eyes turned towards us. The foresail was still standing, also the half of the maintopsail. The mizzen yards were swinging about, not braced; the wreck of the foretopmast still hanging, and swinging to and fro; the gangways knocked out, the bulwarks all standing as good as when she left the docks. The stern very low in the water, the bows pretty well out of it, so that we could see the red painted bottom, or coloured iron by rust; the jibboom gone. Soon we ran down in the trough of a large sea, and were hid from sight of her. When we came up we could see she had changed her position very much; we could not see the after-part of the vessel—whether under water or hid by a sea, I cannot tell; her bows were high up out of water, and by the pitch or rake of the mast we could see that she was sitting at an angle of about 45 degrees. Soon another wave came, and we ran down in the trough of another sea; when we came up, there was nothing to be seen of the *London*.

Thus ended this fine ship and all in her. When we were lifted on the wave this second time, and found that the ship was no more to be seen, it cast a gloom over our little party, though pretty well prepared to expect it. We still continued looking in the direction where we last saw the ship, to see if anybody would be seen clinging to a spar, boat, or anything; but nothing whatever was to be seen. Although there might have been one or more there, and we not able to see, even so they could not have survived long, from the spray that was flying.

One of the sailors (King)—then I did not know the name of any—now sang out, "Boys, the *London* is gone, and there is no help for those gone with her, so let her drop for the present. If we don't mind what we are about, we'll soon be with them. Say nothing more about her, but attend to the boat"—which was certainly a wise proposition, as our boat was in a similar

condition to our ship at starting—too heavily laden. She was a fine, light, square-sterned boat, about twenty-five feet in length, six in breadth in the widest part; her right complement I was told was twelve, and there were now nineteen in her. Our party consisted of three engineers, one fireman, one young midshipman, one carpenter, eight seamen, one steward, one boy, and three passengers. We had been thrown together mostly by chance, and were almost all unknown to each other, but all bound together by the same tie; for if one sunk all must sink too. We were entirely on our own resources, with no one to look up to, no captain to depend upon, and no officers to navigate to land. But we had what was far better, and the only thing to save us at that time: we had cool, skilful, and excellent boatmen; and, had we not, we would not have lived half-an-hour. I never had much experience in boats, and had no idea of what they could go through. No one could ever have made me believe that a boat could have withstood what ours did. I think some of our men must have been born and reared in a boat. Smith, a seaman, was the first who took the helm, and we all agreed to obey him, as there were now a good many giving orders. There were also other arrangements made: those who understood rowing were to work by spells, those who did not were to bale. I was one of the latter; two or three were to be on the look-out for vessels, one to be constantly watching behind to see when a wave was coming that had a crest on it, and tell the helmsman. Those were the waves we dreaded. And here was where the skill and judgment was displayed. One time we would have to back water so as to let the large sea break just in front of us. At other times the order would be pull quick, to get out of its way until its force would be spent; when along it would come and raise us up on the top, and as it would pass by would invariably give us a dash; then we had to bale out quickly. Three oars were out for the first few hours—as much to assist in steering as pulling. We were running before the wind, and the chief study was to let the seas meet us square on to the stern, for if the boat was allowed to broach to, or meet the seas on the side, she would fill or upset at once. As one sea would pass, then another would be seen coming from another direction, perhaps on our quarter. These were the cross seas, and the ones most likely to catch us; immediately the boat would have to be brought round to meet it. As the rudder could not

bring her round in time, or it might be up out of water at that moment, then would be heard the man at the helm singing out, "Pull on the starboard, and back on the port,—quick, quick." The next moment it would be, "Pull on the port, and back on the starboard," as a cross sea would be seen making for us. Then the next cry would be, "Pull, pull, all," that was to get out of the way of a sea that was going to break. After it had passed, then it would be, "Back, back, all." Sometimes all four orders would be given within the minute.

We also made arrangements as to the provisions, which consisted of about fifty pounds of biscuit; when anybody took a piece, all were to have alike. Soon we discovered that our little supply of water was mixed with salt. The cask was therefore thrown overboard to make more room, for we were very much crowded. After that the allowance of biscuit was restricted—they being so dry increased our thirst. Not long after getting away I learned that they had some brandy on board, which I thought was a fortunate provision, as the weather was dreadfully cold, with water splashing over us every little while. On second thought I feared it might prove to our disadvantage, in case they should take too much at once, but my fears were soon set to rights when I found that all we had was three bottles. One was out and dispatched, but it was only a mouthful to each. The second bottle was drank in the evening. The next morning when we most wanted the other, it could not be found. There was also one bottle of champagne, which was the amount of drinkables on board. About two or three hours after being at sea, our helmsman had to resign his post, as one of his hands was sore, or frost-bitten as he thought. Steering was most trying work for the hands, there being no tiller to the rudder—he had to work the rudder by his hand, consequently one hand was almost all the time in water. King, another seaman, then took his place, which he kept until about three o'clock next morning. Just before dark, we sighted a vessel. We at first thought to run for her, but soon we found it impossible; she was out of our track, and we had to keep fair before the wind. Our chief study was to keep afloat, no matter where we went to. We had two of the ship's compasses on board, but they proved of very little use to us. I heard King say in the night that he could not steer at all by them, even though the sea would permit us. They had been adjusted

for an iron vessel, which may have been the cause of their not working properly now.

Night was now coming on: I dreaded to look forward to it. Asked myself the question, how are we to see those curling seas that we so much fear? The sky looked wild; the wind still strong and very cold—the seas still very heavy. It was what you might call a troubled sea. All of us wet, cold, and hungry, and nearly worn out by the constant exertion, anxiety, and fatigue of the two previous days. I considered it about one chance in a hundred that ever we saw the morning. True, I was beginning to have more faith in our little boat and the good skill of our crew, but those high-crested waves in the dark rather shook my hopes. I could not see any possible way of escaping them, and I was rather puzzled to see that the sailors did not entertain any more fear of them in the night than day—that is, they did not speak of this great difficulty that troubled me. Presently the night closed in, and the mystery was solved by the phosphorescent tops of the waves, which, shining through the dark, showed pretty well their position, and the way they were coming. The first of the evening was rather clear; the stars shone out occasionally; by them we could guess pretty nearly the direction we were steering. Up to about nine, we thought we were going south. I said to King, "At this course we will not fetch the Spanish coast, much less the French coast—we shall go wide of Cape Finisterre." He said, "I can't help it, we must go where we are compelled to—the wind may change soon." And so it did. I had certain stars as guides, and by them I could see that we were coming round gradually, and by about midnight were going pretty nearly east. We knew that any course that had east in it would bring us to land, which at this time we thought was only ninety miles distant. But our chief hope was in falling in with a vessel. As the evening wore on, I found that we got on pretty nearly as well as before dark, but great watchfulness was required; and King, who was then steering, was continually singing out to pull first one way, then immediately the other way, or back water. Then the next order would be, "Bale her out, keep her dry. Who is baling now?" So in that way he was constantly talking and encouraging us, which was needed, for, cold as the night was, and drenched as we were, we were drowsy; in fact, we were quite done up with fatigue. I myself had had but three or four hours' sleep since Sunday night, and

no doubt there were others who had no more. At times, while baling, I would be half asleep, but still dipping out the water. When in that state I could always see a vessel before me with her stern under water — her bows well up — her jibboom and foretopmast gone, and her foresail shaking in the wind: it was the *London* as she last appeared to me. At any time during the night if I were to close my eyes, if only for a minute, the ship was always before me in this form.

A few hours after dark, King asked, "Who had the time?" I had. I had set my watch going at four o'clock. I pulled it out to look, but could not distinguish the hands in the darkness. By-and-by, I was asked about the time again; we thought it must be getting on towards daylight. I opened my watch, felt the hands, and found it was only eleven o'clock. And so the long dreary night wore slowly on. We thought daylight would never come.

About midnight the weather became more squally. Heavy black clouds came down upon us, and sometimes we were running, as it seemed, right into a black wall. It was difficult even to discern the figure of a man sitting alongside. It was a night remembered in London for a heavy fall of snow, — the heaviest of the season, when the telegraph wires were broken down in many parts of England, and vessels were being wrecked by scores in Torbay. About this time, and a time that will never be forgotten by any in the boat, we experienced the most narrow escape of any during the whole of our disaster. A large sea was seen close behind us, and on the point of breaking, and it was impossible to get out of the way in time. There it was, eight or ten feet higher than our stern, and the next moment we should be all engulfed. Some quietly remarked, — "It's all over with us now." I myself thought the end had come at last. Over came the wave, burying the after-part of the boat completely. She trembled, and up she came; the sea had passed on and left us in all but a sinking state. The water in the boat was about a foot and a half deep; a bucket would dip in it. Immediately King sung out, "Don't move — bale out quick — we are safe yet!" At once the bucket was going, and in a few minutes she was lightened, and on we went again. It was some time before we fully recovered from that shock. It was a providential thing that we had no more in our boat at this time, for I think the weight of one man more would have taken us down.

After many weary hours of anxious looking we at last saw the sky in the east lighten up a little. We at first thought it to be daylight breaking, but it proved to be the moon rising. It was then about four o'clock. Daniels was now steering; he relieved King for about three hours, when of a sudden the lights of a distant ship were seen. We watched her intently for a short time, and discovered she was nearing us. Presently she was abreast of us, and only a short distance off. We dare not row towards her, the sea would not permit that. The order was then given for all to sing out at once, and lustily we obeyed; it must have sounded terrible to those on board of the vessel — our voices above the roar of the sea and wind. We soon had the gratification of knowing they had heard us, and were putting the vessel about to run for us. We could now see her — a small vessel of two masts. She ran across our bow, a short distance ahead of us. We could see her, but they could not see us. They were evidently looking for us, and we bellowed as loud as we could. We also tried to light matches, but they had got wet. We could see the ship run first to one side, then across to the other. Then a squall would come, and she would be hid from view; when it passed we would see her again, perhaps in another direction; on which there was another cheer and another cry. Presently we could see they had lost the run of us; and how tantalizing that was when we were within three minutes' row of her, and dare not deviate from our course. Now we could only see her occasionally through the gloom when we rose to the top of a wave. At last she was out of sight; all hopes of safety from her were now gone. It affected the spirits of all. We were beginning to suffer from cold, exposure, and thirst. The latter I felt the most; when baling, could scarcely resist the temptation of putting the dipper to my mouth. When we could see the vessel no more, we decided upon not going any faster than we could help, hoping to see her when daylight came in; which did happen at last — in hail and rain. Then the sun shone out for a few minutes; we scanned the horizon, but could see nothing. By the sun we judged we were making the course that Captain Martin had given us, and had a strong idea that we were within forty miles of the French coast. It was just as well we did not know our actual position. When picked up, an hour or two after, we were then 140 miles from land.

Again the cry was raised, "Ship in

sight!" We could just see her off on the port-quarter, apparently making towards us. Presently we sighted another, more in our track, on the starboard bow, but at a great distance. We could only see the tops of the masts, like three fingers above the water. Hope revived again; we were in the track of vessels, and rejoiced to find there were some still floating.

On we went for half-an-hour, with occasional sunshine, then a shower and squall, the sea still rough, the same constant attention required always. Those on the look-out reported that the vessel was not getting any nearer to us. Some proposed to King, who was now steering, to put about to run for her. He strongly objected: saying the boat would surely swamp in going round; and then we had a good distance to row, nearly to windward, before reaching the vessel. The men by this time were getting impatient, and willing to risk a good deal to bring this boating trip to a termination. My only fear was that they would end it too abruptly in trying to reach a vessel. They were also getting irritable; there was not that friendly feeling as existed at first — would answer each other sharply. Of course this was owing to exposure and want: all were complaining of thirst. There were a few raw vegetables that by chance had been left in the boat; we now got eating them, and found them a great relief. By this time, say 9 A.M. (Friday, 12th), a dispute arose, and words were running pretty high as to the advisability of putting round to run for this vessel on the port-quarter. One who was holding the signal of distress (a shirt on an oar), said to King, at the rudder, "If you don't put her about, I will put this oar through the bottom." I was beginning to feel frightened. Of course every allowance must be made for a man under these trying circumstances. I myself do not entertain any ill-feeling towards him whatever for his threat. Immediately somebody proposed that we should run for the vessel on our starboard bow, not so much with the hopes of reaching her, as to prevent the boat being put round. I seconded the proposition by saying that it was certainly the best plan; that if we should miss her, we would still be making our course good to land; that it was not more than forty miles off, and by keeping on we would sight it before night; that it was early in the day, and most likely we should see other vessels; that we were in the track of them, we having seen four already was proof. The proposition was then put and carried in parliamentary style, though some

of the language used might not be considered parliamentary. The oars were doubly manned, the course of the boat slightly altered. Soon everything was going pleasantly, and all seemed well satisfied with the new arrangement: all they wanted was to be going towards some vessel. The sun at that time was shining, and our little craft sped along bravely. She quite astonished the most sanguine, — everybody expressing great affection for her. The man on the look-out, the only one allowed to stand up, and who was also supporting the oar with the signal of distress, reported that we were nearing the ship. Still great caution was required to manage the boat. The vessel not being directly in our track, we of course had to make good a few points to the wind; and this is where the difficulty was. Whenever an opportunity offered, we would steer to windward of the vessel, knowing we could make leeway at any time. Whenever a crested wave was seen coming, then would be heard, "Look out, King, here is one;" when round would come the boat. We would turn tail and run with it until it had passed, when up she would come again to windward of the vessel. In the course of half-an-hour we were getting pretty near her. Soon we could see her hull, and when within half-a-mile of her, we were rejoiced to find that they had got sight of us, by their taking in some sails, and bearing away to run for us. We then intended to run up to windward, and come round under her lee. Just at that moment there was seen a terrific squall, with its high wall of white foam coming down fast upon us, as if to totally annihilate us just at the moment that succour was at hand. In a few minutes we would be up abreast of the vessel. But on came the gale. Of course we had to turn and run with it. By the next two or three minutes we found ourselves right down to leeward, and being carried fast away from the ship. Our great fear now was that we would be shut out from sight of each other. Many then sung out to King to put about, and some not to. He said, "She will certainly fill, if I do; and I will not; and don't you see them running for us." And so they were, and halloeing, and directing with their hands in the wildest state of excitement, which very much bothered us, and tended to increase our embarrassment. I suppose they were trying to make us understand to run on with the wind, and they would follow. After the first shock of the gale had passed, the boat was brought partly round, but in doing so we had a narrow escape from being swamped, as she shipped a heavy

sea. In a few minutes we were running up to the stern of the vessel (a barque of about 400 tons), when a line was thrown to it with remarkable accuracy. It was caught; soon a rope followed; and we were at last by the side of the barque. She had come round to the wind, was rolling very much, and we were thumping against her side by the main chains. All order now was broken through—each one grasping hold of anything he could lay hands on, and scrambling up, some assisted by those in the vessel. I saw directly before me two iron bolts by which the main rigging was secured; they looked very tempting; I sprang and caught hold of them; at that moment the boat was taken from under me by the roll of the vessel, and I was left hanging by my hands. I could see others on each side of me; in a moment, up rose the sea and boat again lifting us up, when I caught another hold, and was soon on to the rail. All were out of the boat but one,—he had hurt himself the day before, and was not able to get up: a rope was got over, and he was drawn up. How thankful I felt to be once more in safety, and with a prospect of having plenty to eat and drink! The ship was Italian. We were kindly welcomed by the captain, who was serving out Geneva when I got aft. He was a fine jolly and burly old fellow, with a most benevolent countenance, and with his crew were doing their best to assist for our comfort; only we could not understand each other. It was now about 10 A.M., and we had been about twenty hours in the boat. In a short space of time we were all arrayed in warm dry clothing, and in possession of the captain's cabin; they soon got us warm tea and biscuit, and we saw preparations for something more substantial; some fowls were killed, which were served up in the evening in the shape of a stew. After the first meal was over, we then began to move about—to learn something of our preservers, and whereabouts we were. She was an Italian barque, and crew of Genoa, bound from the Mediterranean laden with wheat, to call at Cork for orders; her name was *Marianopolis*, Captain Gion Batta Cavassa. Her position this day at noon, N. lat. 45° 54', W. long. 7° 13', Greenwich meridian. She had experienced pretty heavy weather, and had been obliged some time previous to throw overboard some of her cargo, but at this time was safe, dry, and snug. We now felt very comfortable, and quite at home. We could talk freely, and began to realize more fully the dreadful catastrophe we had witnessed. It appeared more terrible to us now than at the time, or

during the night, as our own safety then was very doubtful. In the afternoon I laid down and had a sleep, and a troubled sleep it was. I passed through all the horrors of another shipwreck. And for many nights after, and I may say many weeks after, I had to go through the same ordeal. At night, I can't say we went to bed: most of us lay down on the wheat, which was loose in bulk, and covered ourselves with sails, and felt very comfortable: such a happy change from last night.

The next morning we found ourselves all very sore, particularly our hands. Having sat so long in one position, our knees and legs got stiff, and some could barely manage to crawl about. The weather was still boisterous. About noon we had quite an alarm. The rudder-head was carried away, and of course the vessel became unmanageable; the seas thumping against her sides most unmercifully. We had a carpenter in our party; and he and some of the others rendered the Italians great assistance. In the course of half-an-hour all was secure again. The day passed, and another night came. Next morning (Sunday) we found the weather still unpleasant—wind unfavourable—with no prospect of getting to land that day. We were now getting uneasy, longing to see land again. The captain gave us to understand that he could not land us at Brest; but would go on to Falmouth, which was just as agreeable to us as the former place.

So another, the third, night came, and we really hoped that we would get on to land to-morrow. When it came, which was now Monday, it was fine, with a fair wind. We were now in the English Channel. About 10 A.M., sighted land—the Scillys or Land's End. How rejoiced we were once more to behold it! We were now all alive and happy with the thoughts of being on shore at night. During the afternoon were anxiously looking out in hopes a pilot would be got to take us in. Evening came and none was to be seen. The wind increased, and we were in doubt if we would get in before night after all. The two Lizard lights bore nearly ahead of us, and we running towards land. About 10 P.M., the vessel was put about to stand off for the night, and by twelve o'clock the wind had increased to nearly a gale, blowing dead on shore. The captain with his crew on deck all the time, apparently very anxious; we could not communicate our fears, or learn anything of our state. They were continually singing out and directing; and we not understanding them, rather tended to increase our fears.

But our little barque held her own. Be-

tween three and four in the morning, she was put about to run slowly to land. The day broke with a fog; soon it rose, and then was to be seen the land close by, and we running along, with Falmouth harbour fair before us. Three cheers for our captain! We ran in and dropped anchor. Shortly after, an agent or interpreter came on board. Our history was made known to him. When he returned to shore he took three of us with him, including the chief engineer, who then made his report, and the news was soon telegraphed to London. I could scarcely believe my good fortune when looking back to five or six days ago; then it appeared too much to expect — and now that I was commencing a new exis-

tence. On Wednesday night, on board the *London*, there seemed to be so little possibility of any ever being saved, much less me; and I so fully expected to meet death.

We had to remain on board a few hours until noon, when a steam-tug came alongside. The captain took us on shore, we said good-by to our Italian preservers, and with many cheers from them we parted. I need not carry the history of the adventure any further; but am pleased to add that, when the facts were made known to the Board of Trade of London, a gold chronometer, with a suitable inscription, was awarded to Captain Cavassa for his noble and humane conduct towards us.

NEW MAMMAL FROM CHINA. — A French missionary, M. Armand David, having sent home skins, etc., of the mi-lou, or assu-pou-siang, a large sort of stag, M. Alp. Milne Edwards describes it to the French Academy. The second Chinese name we have given means "the four discordant characters," the creature resembling a stag in its horns, a cow in its feet, a camel in its neck, and an ass in its tail! The horns, which belong only to the male, are large and branched, but differ in some important particulars to the antlers of the stag. The fur is rough and grey, with a black line on the back and breast. The tail, instead of being short and thick, as is common with stags, is very long, and terminates in a tuft of long hair. The mi-lou is as big as a large stag. Herds of them live in an imperial park some distance from Peking, but the Chinese do not know where they came from, or on what date they first arrived. M. David thinks that Huc and Gabet spoke of the mi-lou in describing "rein-deer" which they saw beyond Koukou-noor, about lat. 36°. M. Milne Edwards proposes to call the creature *Elaphurus Davidianus*. — *Intellect*. Obs.

experience, and it appears that, after taking a decoction of the leaves of the plant, no hunger nor thirst is felt for forty-eight hours. — *Intellect*. Obs.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR; the author of the recently-published "Story of Kennett," is said to be busy upon an English metrical version of the "Faust" of Goethe. A conjecture has been made that Mr. Taylor is only the seventeenth English translator — at least, translator into English verse — who has accepted the task. An American writer says, it is to be "presumed that he is aiming to do it better than any of his predecessors, or else he thinks he has discovered a new 'standpoint,' as his German friends are fond of calling any opportune means by which they can with decent pretext meddle with an old subject. The novel scheme in Mr. Taylor's case seems to be the preservation of the ever-changing rhythm and variable rhyme of the original."

A HUNGER-SUSPENDING PLANT. — The power of the *Erythroxylon coca*, of Peru, to suspend the ordinary demand for food, and enable considerable exertion to be undertaken in its absence, has been long known. M. Rossi writes to the *Correspondenza Scientifica* in Roma a letter which, *Cosmos* says, undertakes to show how men may live in robust health for several days without food. M. Rossi describes his own

A TELEGRAM from Rome, dated the 20th inst., says that the Congregation of the Index has condemned several works, among which are "Les Apôtres," by M. Renan; *Le Catholicisme Romain en Russie*, by M. Tolstoy; "La Bible et l'Humanité," by Michelet; and "L'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," by Taine.

From the Spectator, July 7.

THE ULTIMATE RESULT.

GOD, then, governs, as well as reigns. The two worst men in Europe, in the political sense, frame a plot by which, after killing many thousands of human beings and reducing millions to political slavery, each is to obtain certain great selfish advantages, the one for his family, the other for his caste. The plot is successful beyond their most sanguine anticipations, and lo! two great nations stand free from almost unendurable bonds, while the plotters see their work accomplished and themselves not a whit nearer to their end. If circumstantial evidence in politics is ever to be trusted, this war was arranged months ago by two men, the Emperor Napoleon and Count von Bismark, of whom one had crushed and another was then crushing the liberties of a nation. The one saw in a combined war against an enemy who had given no provocation an opportunity of enlarging his frontier, and thereby seating his dynasty, the other hoped to recement over Germany the power of an effete and brutal aristocratic caste. The Emperor, by feigned indifference, courteous expressions to the Austrian Ambassador, and courtly messages to the Austrian Emperor, first lulled his victim into security, and then encouraged him to believe that he had only to deal with his avowed enemies in the field. The Minister first deprived his own country of freedom, then under the most extravagant pretences induced it to believe itself attacked, and then dragged its youth, often by actual force, to a war which a majority of them considered fratricidal. Cynicism more complete than that displayed by Count von Bismark in the Prussian Parliament was never displayed on a political arena, nor untruthfulness more gross than his speeches about the Austrian plan of plunder, nor heartlessness more utter than the last call to the fathers of families to fill up the Landwehr. The struggle began, and it seemed that justice, as short-sighted human beings reckon justice, had deserted the earth. The aggressor was everywhere successful, the cynicism had terminated useless talk, the falsehoods had inspired the troops, the cruelty had filled up the battalions to repletion. As if in scorn of virtue, Providence had given the oppressor a weapon against which the virtues were powerless, courage an empty boast, fidelity a snare, patriotism a sentimental delusion. The power of slaying without limit, a power as of the evil genius in an Arabian tale, a power as of the man

whose finger pressed on the magic globe raised earthquakes, and wars, and fires, had been given to Count von Bismark, and it was unscrupulously employed. An ancient empire was shattered, some thirty thousand innocent persons put to death, and a dozen ancient societies overturned, with all the miseries which accompany those violent operations, and then —

Italy was united and free, North Germany united and free, the Emperor of the French was baffled, and Count von Bismark stood in presence of a community indefinitely stronger, more vigorous, and more determined to secure its liberty than that which he had so vehemently defied. Those, we take it, are the inevitable results of the great cataclysm which the Prussian armies have in ten days' campaigning brought about. The first two propositions will seem to most of our readers scarcely to need explanation. The result of the battle of Königgrätz has been to convince the Emperor of Austria that it was impossible to resist the needle gun, and he consequently called in the Emperor Napoleon as the natural arbiter in a European contest. To enable him to act it was essential to remove his private interest in the success of one of the two combatants, and Venetia was therefore, with a somewhat supercilious contempt for Italy, ceded like Lombardy into his hands. But he cannot keep the province; he does not wish to keep the province; he may ask a reward for resigning it — a subject on which we may have something to say presently, but he must, if only in obedience to his own theory of nationalities, surrender it to Italy. Instantly therefore, now, this next week, Venetia becomes free. Two and a half millions of people, who for sixty years have been subjected to the most galling slavery, who in that time have never lost one jot of heart or hope, who have dared all and endured all on the mere chance that they might one day be once more men, regain in an hour their freedom, and commence amid their countrymen a free and noble national life. It would be worth all that Manin endured, all that is killing Mazzini, to have stood for an hour in Venice when that message reached the Venetians, when but ten brief days after the sickening defeat of Custoza the men who followed Manin knew that their life's aim was accomplished, that the Tedeschi were about to retreat, that their beautiful land was their own, that their sons were no more liable to be seized to serve the enemy in a distant wilderness, that three-fourths of their incomes were no longer to be stolen to swell an oppressor's

revenue, that they were free to live and die with their kinsmen as Italians, that they need no longer — *they* to whom music is as speech — shut their ears to delicious strains, lest the foe should believe that their hate could for one second be less deep. Never perhaps in the history of mankind was the sum of human misery so diminished in one day by human act as in this cession of Venetia. It is not only in Venice that the relief will be felt, though there the change is as that which falls upon the victim when his torture has given place to sudden ease, but in all Italy. The danger of dismemberment has ceased, and the necessity for unbearable expenditure. She is free and complete, for the first time in a thousand years able to live, and move, and be according to the powers, and the instincts, and the wishes inherent in her own life. If the war had done only this, this one transaction which occupies five lines of a telegraphic bulletin, the lives it has cost, say as many as Ipswich or Richmond and Kew contain, would have been worthily sacrificed.

• But this is but the beginning. It is the fate of Count von Bismark, part of that irony of Providence which from the day he accepted power has so visibly attended him, that he cannot take a step towards absolutism without crushing absolutisms worse, because pettier, than his own. He had not had his will four days in Germany, before every despot in North Germany save one had ceased to wield his despotic power, and twenty-eight millions of men, who for fifty years had sighed, and plotted, and fought for unity, and gone sick with hope deferred, were united under circumstances which forbid any forcible dismemberment. As we have explained elsewhere, there exists no power save the King of Prussia which can now divide North Germany, and his interest is not in its division. The nation is made, whether Napoleon approve or the Czar be recalcitrant, whether the petty Kings become privileged nobles, or die out like our own Stuarts, who most of them so closely resemble, in unrespected exile. The "King" of Hanover will point cannon on his citizens no more, or the "King" of Saxony imprison them, or the Elector of Cassel take their wives, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg order them the stick, or Nassau demoralize them with his gaming tables, or Oldenburg threaten them with Russia, or Waldeck seize them for an army without a name, or a use, or a career. The single despot has swept them away, and German necks are released from the halter that they may have free breath — doubtless to exalt Hohenzollerns,

but still that halter cannot be applied again. A nation of twenty-eight millions of thoughtful and energetic men, so learned that their knowledge is a proverb, yet so martial that they at this moment give the law to Europe, so democratic that English *bourgeoisie* pronounce them vulgar, yet so reverential that English writers incline to call them slavish, commence, because Count von Bismark cannot bear freedom, a free national life. We say free, for in his sense it will be free. These new subjects are as Liberal as Prussians, and they were not bred up from teething time to reverence Hohenzollerns, nor is it among them that squireens are esteemed a separate and a holy caste. If it was difficult to keep down the love for constitutionalism among Prussians, when their King was wild to secure his army, and the Sovereign had a Russian wife, what will it be when all that is liberal in Hanover and Saxony, and the Hesses, and the Elbe Duchies, and Nassau, and the Free Cities, and Thuringia, is added to the opposition, while all that is conservative is disaffected, when liberals are as anxious as the King that the Army should be kept up, and when the "influences" round that King are English instead of Russian? The Germans have won their unity in spite of thirty Kings, they will win their freedom in spite of one King's Minister, though he has eaten the thirty Kings up. The plotter will be defeated by the magnitude of his plot and its complete success.

So we believe will his ally. Napoleon looked to a partial victory, to be followed by complete exhaustion; but the victory has been complete, and there has been no exhaustion at all. The forces of Prussia are unbroken, the loss being merely one of men, whom the single levy in the Elbe Duchies will replace, and she is under no necessity to yield an acre or a man except at her own discretion. Consequently, if we understand the motives that govern Kings, she will not yield one acre more or man more than it is convenient to surrender. What is convenient? Saarbruck? Well, we are tired of hearing that "strategical point" elevated to such preposterous importance. Austria had all the strategical points, and within ten days had also the option of submission or dissolution. The Palatinate? Well, the world will not be greatly hurt or France greatly benefited by the addition of a few Bavarians to an empire of five-and-thirty millions. Luxembourg? Luxembourg will not seat the Bonaparte dynasty, nor will aught that the Emperor can squeeze from Italy, great as the loss to Italy may be. Though Venice is worth Sardinia, it was

the Rhine to which the Emperor looked, the possession of the Rhine which would, as De Tocqueville said, have disarmed every French enemy, and enabled him free of dynastic opposition to "crown the edifice in safety." And the Rhine he will not have, for it is not within even Count von Bismark's power to give it; and as to taking it, one has breech-loaders to prepare before that. There is Belgium, to be sure, but there is also England, and Prussia cannot heartily wish that Belgium should be French, and Austria cannot love the friend who enfranchised Italy, and in short the Emperor, like Count von Bismark, has achieved results which benefit all mankind, save only those for whose benefit he intended to strive. It is very ridiculous, no doubt to believe that God reigns; but with Italy free, and Germany united, and the Junkers weakened, and Napoleon wild with baffled longing for prey, and all the work of ten days and two conspirators, who meant any other results than these, it is to us at least hard to believe that we are the sport of the senseless Fate which it pleases English materialists to call the "current of events."

From The Spectator, July 7.

THE FIRST RESULT OF THE TEN DAYS' WAR.

THE most audacious man in Europe is in possession of its most effective weapon. That is in brief the political result of the ten days' campaigning in Bohemia. It is difficult to exaggerate even the direct result of the successes gained at Turnau, Münchengrätz, and Gitschin, and in the crowning victory before Königgrätz, impossible to exaggerate the indirect. An Austrian army destroyed, the road thrown open to Vienna, the freedom of Venetia, the unity of Italy, the unity of North Germany, all secured in less than a fortnight's campaigning — for Dresden was only entered on the 18th of June — history yields no account of changes so vast effected in a time so limited. Thirty dynasties have been swept away, the fate of twenty millions of civilized men has been affected for ever, the political face of the world has changed as it used to change after a generation of war, and the strife has lasted but ten days. Prussia has leaped in a moment into the position of the first Power in Europe, is for the hour beyond the possibility of attack. Defen-

sive war, war behind entrenchments, may still be waged against her; but if the enemy has to advance, to push infantry into the open, that infantry, whatever its merits or its history, will incur an imminent risk of destruction. No skill in the Generals or ardour in the men can outweigh the advantage which Prussia has secured in the early adoption of a breech-loading gun. Bullets kill brave men as well as cowards, able men as easily as fools, and for every bullet an invader can fire he will receive five, each of necessity slightly better aimed than his own. The instinctive tendency of a man in a hurry armed with a muzzle-loader is to fire too high, the instinctive tendency of his rival to fire almost straight from the hip. If testimony corroborated by the circumstances be worth anything at all, riflemen sent against men armed with breech-loaders might almost as well carry slings or bows and arrows for all the harm they are likely to effect. The bayonet becomes comparatively useless, for the regiments wither before they can cross the space between them and the foe, strategy is almost worthless, for its end is to attack from a good position, and what is the use of that when the attacking force cannot hope to use its advantage, when in any position whatever short of one behind entrenchments it must lose five for one? To employ an exaggeration which yet expresses our meaning, the fight becomes one between Peruvians and Spaniards, Hindoos and Englishmen, Arabs and Zouaves, a fight in which numbers and courage alike are shattered against the terrible strength of an armed civilization. The Zouaves or the Guards might be destroyed by battalions which, were the arms equal, would have no chance against them, and an army commanded by Wellington be defeated by men led by a General like Lord Gough. No force can or will afford to lose five for one, because even if the State or combination of States could endure so horrible a waste, the soldiers, aware that their chance was hopeless, could not unless fighting for their hearths, be brought to endure a danger almost equivalent to the one they never will face — standing upon a mine. Even these glorious Austrians, who can bear to be mown down like corn, yet never turn, are rejoiced to escape a service which brings them only the certainty of defeat by means other than superior generalship or courage. This relief from the danger of invasion, this certainty that Berlin will not be menaced, of itself effects an immense change in the position of the Prussians. They can keep what they have, and they have North Ger-

many, a prize which only one year ago they regarded as beyond the range of a wise man's hope. They are exempted, if they are only moderate, from the danger of foreign interference. Nothing but a clear necessity would tempt a man like the Emperor of the French, a statesman whose forte is patience and whose necessity is victory, to risk the French army in a premature attack on an enemy armed with a weapon just calculated to excite the imagination of his troops. Of all soldiers the Frenchman is perhaps the bravest, but of all he is the one who can least bear to be ordered up to massacre. The Russians will bear it, but they, too, are governed by men who unless directly menaced will not risk their masses in positions where the bayonet has no fair play. * England is out of the game, and there is therefore no power, it may be doubted whether there is even a combination of powers, which could reseat the Princes whom Prussia has already dispossessed. Nothing at all events short of a Continental coalition, of which there is no prospect and very little chance, could avail to deprive the Hohenzollerns of the territories they have already acquired, could now compel them to make peace without advantages equivalent to the creation of an empire of North Germany. This immense success is of course in one way only temporary. The secret of power has been disclosed, and within two years every first-class State will have re-armed its troops, but that process cannot be effected during war, and North Germany once legally united, if only for twelve months, cannot be dismembered again without a struggle which would convulse the world. If Louis Napoleon's object was the Rhine, he for this year at least has evidently lost the game.

The political point is now whether Prussia will be moderate, whether her rulers will abstain from demands such as must compel her neighbours to run all risks, even that of subjugation. Such a mistake is by no means beyond the limits of calculation. Years ago Count von Bismark offended the Austrian Government almost beyond forgiveness, by declaring that the "centre of Austrian gravity must be transferred to Pesth," that it must sway to the South-East, and cease to be a great German power. He may, in that declaration, have intimated a belief that he could unite all "Germany," including Bohemia, into one colossal State, incomparably the strongest in the world, and possibly also one of the most aggressive. If that is his idea, and it is shared by his more cautious master, Austria will resist to the last, if she has to fight as Spain fought in the Peninsula

lar War; and neither France nor Russia will endure to look on unmoved on the rise of a power which may claim Alsace on the ground of nationality, and the Sound as essential to maritime development. Thus irritated, the opponents of Prussia could yet reverse the decision of the field. The needle gun is as powerless against earthworks as the Enfield, and Austria could defend herself till her allies, to whom the markets of the world are open, and who count armoured by the hundred thousand, were once more in readiness for the field. But the recent programme formulated at Berlin in the ultimatums addressed to Hanover and Dresden, involves no such extremities as these. The King of Prussia puts forward only the project formerly known as the Klein-Deutsche plan, the union of Germany from Jutland to the Main in one federation under himself, and an alliance with the South as a non-German but friendly power. This is not destruction for Austria; terrible as the wound may be alike to the pride of her rulers and the patriotism of her German subjects, it would arouse no invincible jealousy either in the East or West, and it would above all seem endurable to at least twenty-five millions among the subjects of the House of Hapsburg. They are not fighting to make their master Emperor of Germany. It may well be that the reigning House, with its invincible tenacity, its almost inexplicable power of enduring misfortune, may, even if Prussia is moderate, nevertheless break off negotiations, defend every plain on which earthworks can be thrown up and every fortress in which they have provisions for a siege, and as she has resigned Venetia, employ its garrison as a splendid army of reserve. In that case the battle of Königgrätz is but one of the many which must be fought, but the beginning of a dreary campaign in which all Europe will have time to become involved. But even should the Kaiser resolve upon this course, decide to put his throne to hazard rather than surrender the dream his family have so cherished for sixty years, the Prussians have still gained two inestimable advantages. They have broken the charm of the Austrian army, and they have acquired North Germany. They have revealed to the world and to Germans that in the last resort, when Diets are powerless and diplomacy is sulkily quiet, the physical power of Prussia is equal to that of her great rival. No German quite believed that. No German could ever quite shake himself free from a belief that, if provoked beyond endurance, the white coats might force their way to Breslau and Berlin.

They cannot force their way, that much at least is clear, and with the disappearance of that superstition, that latent fear lest civilization should be a source of weakness instead of strength, disappears also the prestige of Austria in Germany. Henceforward the friends of Prussia can look to her with confidence, unchecked by any apprehension of a yet greater power in the background, while her enemies must look to her with a dread undiminished by any hope of a support to be speedily at hand. The "hegemony" of which Germans used to talk — how antiquated such talk all seems! — has been at least secured, and with it the direct sway of just so much of North Germany as it may please the Hohenzollerns to retain. We like neither Count von Bismark nor the new and terrible power which the armies of Europe will acquire as against their peoples, but there is nothing in this result, this fusion of a dozen Teutonic sovereignties into one mighty Teutonic nationality, at which Englishmen need repine.

From the Spectator, July 7.

THE WAR IN BOHEMIA.

THE campaign in Bohemia will take a high place in military annals, not only because it has been so swiftly fought out, but because it has convinced all the nations of Europe of the supreme value of the breech-loading musket. To that formidable weapon, as we hope to show, Count Bismark owes his victory. The Austrians have not been beaten in the lesser and the greater combats, and in the crowning battle on the Bistritz, because their soldiers were personally or collectively less brave and less highly trained, nor because their General was defective in the knowledge of his art. They have been beaten, as Napoleon himself would have been beaten, because the infantry of their opponents possessed, and they did not possess, an arm before whose destructive fire the best troops the world ever saw would have gone down. In the final action, it is true, Benedek was caught between two fires, but that fact was in itself a result of the immense advantages which had accrued to the Prussians from the use they had made of their death-dealing breech-loader. It is this weapon which, fifteen days after the declaration of war, and eleven days after the invasion of Bohemia, has reduced the Austrian

Emperor to sue for peace from an enemy who had the empire at his mercy.

The frontier which divides the Austrian dominions from Saxony and Silesia is a mountain chain of irregular outline, extending from the limits of Northern Bavaria to the neighborhood of Cracow. It is an angular frontier, the salient of which lies between Silesia and the right bank of the Elbe. This river, as all readers know, breaks through the mountain some miles below Prague and above Dresden, and the road along its left bank and the passes to the west of it form one of the many issues across the chain. To the eastward, over the Elbe, the important defiles are those which run from Rumburg, Zittau, and Friedland; thence eastward runs the rugged wall of the Giant Mountains, unbroken by a single practicable pass for forty miles. But where what Mr. Carlyle finely calls the "wizard solitudes and highland wastes" of this range come to an end, the pass of Landshut, so famous in the wars of Frederick and the Empress Queen, gives access to and from Bohemia; and near by, where the county of Glatz projects like a huge bastion into Austrian territory, two passes, from Braunau and from Reinerz, breaks through the rough hills, and give entry to the valleys of the Aupa and Upper Elbe. Further eastward several passes, from the county of Glatz, from Neisse, from Upper Silesia, connect the lands on either side. The advantage of this frontier, so broken and so extensive, has long been recognized as leaning to the side of Prussia, whose troops at all times can break through them into Bohemia or Moravia. No Austrian army can ever hope to guard the whole line, and consequently the sole system of defence open to the Austrians is to occupy a position as central as possible, and to stand prepared to fall upon the Prussian columns as they issue from the mountains, and prevent their junction. If the reader will look at a map, he will see that such a position is to be found between Olmutz and Pardubitz, in the heart of the railway system, and on the line of the Elbe. For the railway from Vienna running north as far as Lundenburg there branches out, one line going by Prerau to Cracow, the other by Brünn to Böhm Trübau, which is united to Prerau and the Cracow line by a branch passing through Olmutz. From Böhm Trübau the railway passes to Pardubitz, on the Elbe, and thence again branches out, one line running westward to Prague, the other ascending the right branch of the Elbe, and turning north-westward near the fortress of Josephstadt, placed at the confluence of the Metau, the

Aupa, and the Upper Elbe, runs away by Turnau through Reichenberg to Zittau, and the Saxon lines. At Turnau a branch goes south-westerly through Münchengratz to the Elbe, a little below Prague, where it joins the line in the Elbe valley. From Prague, again, a line runs away by Pilsen and Eger into the Bavarian railway system. Now, a glance at the map will show that an army between Olmutz and Pardubitz covers all the main roads to Vienna, and indirectly the road to Prague; for from this central position it could meet an invasion of Moravia, or in a few marches take up the line of the Elbe between Pardubitz and Nachod, whence alone it could show a front either to a double or single invasion of Bohemia. For while the Austrian army remained on that line, no invader coming from Saxony and Glatz could make any progress, since if he tried to turn the line by crossing the Elbe below Pardubitz, or if he turned off towards Prague, in either case he would expose his line of communications. Therefore, seated on the Elbe to the right and left of Königgrätz, an Austrian army covers its own communications, and threatens those of the enemy coming from the north-west, should he make anything but a front attack. In this case the Austrian base of operations is Olmutz and Brünn, and its greatest disadvantage is that the railway which forms the line of supply from the base to the front, runs for many miles too close to the bastion-like county of Glatz, and consequently is open to the inroads of partizans. It was from the position we have described that General Benedek sought to frustrate that double invasion of Bohemia which had been planned with such care by the Berlin strategists, and executed so promptly by the commanders in the field.

The Prussians must have been perfectly well aware, in a general way, what positions were occupied by the Austrians. They seem to have laid their plans on the assumption that General Benedek would adopt the fittest measures, and of course if he did not, so much the worse for him. Seeing that the roads from Zittau, and Nachod, and Trautau converge upon Pardubitz, they determined to move directly upon that point from Saxony, and at the same time to push a strong force through the mountains of Silesia, press back the right of Benedek's army, seize the roads, bring the Silesian corps into line with the corps from Saxony, and throw the united force upon the nexus of Benedek's line of communication, or upon him, if he gave them the opportunity. To execute this plan they had eight *corps d'armée*, inclu-

ding the Guards, and they formed these into two armies of nearly equal strength. The first, or army of the Elbe, was composed of the 2nd, 4th, 7th, and 8th Corps, and commanded by Prince Charles. The second, or Army of Silesia, was composed of the 1st, 5th, and 6th Corps, and the corps of Guards, commanded by the Crown Prince. This was slightly the stronger army, and it was made stronger probably because it had to force the passes out of Landsbut and Glatz under the nose of Benedek, and almost within sight of the fortress of Josephstadt, constructed on a site chosen expressly to support an army whose business it was to prevent an invasion from that side. Thus it will be seen the Prussian force was divided. Prince Charles was quite separated from the Crown Prince, and even the corps of the latter were, at the outset, not in direct communication. The latter had first to unite, and then to effect a junction with the Army of the Elbe. General Benedek, meanwhile, appears to have had all his corps behind, that is, on the left bank of the Elbe, except the 1st Corps, part of the Saxons, and a Cavalry division. These were on the roads leading from Eastern Saxony to the valley of the Elbe and Iser. Seven corps, the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, remained in the central position.

Now, at the first glance, and judging from precedents, it would seem certain that Benedek could prevent the junction of the Prussian armies and parts of armies, and beat them in detail, and he would probably have done so, had he not been opposed by an enemy armed with a breech-loader, which, at the lowest computation, doubled the hostile forces.

And so it fell out that when Prince Charles, descending from Saxony on a broad front by several roads, all uniting in the valley of the Iser at Turnau and Münchengratz, was met first by cavalry and guns, and then by all arms, he was able to crush with ease, and almost without halting, the brigade opposed to him. The Austrians found that good positions and stout hearts were of no avail to arrest an enemy who fired five shots to their one, and who, if they essayed to charge, swept them down long before they could cross bayonets. Consequently, in four days the Prince was master of the railway as far as Turnau and of the roads which led to Gitschin, the town where he hoped to effect a junction with the Crown Prince. In the meantime, when the telegraph informed the Crown Prince that his cousin had reached the Iser, the former put his corps in motion. Benedek was ready to meet them. On the 27th two

corps pushed through the passes, the 1st on Trautenau, the 5th upon Nachod. General von Gablenz on the 27th did, as reported, drive the 1st out of Trautenau, but on the 28th the Guards made good the passage of the defiles, and outflanking Gablenz by Eypel, forced him back upon Königinhof and his communications with Josephstadt. At the same time the 5th Prussian Corps, emerging by Nachod and Braunau, made head against the Austrian 6th, and on the 28th, aided by the Prussian 6th, swept two Austrian corps off the road at Skalitz, whence there was lateral communication with Trautenau. All these defeats of the Austrians were mainly inflicted by the breech-loader, which knocked to pieces alike infantry, horsemen, and gunners; and their effect was to secure the junction of the two columns of the army of the Crown Prince, whose left wing now began to file westward and join the right, for a direct march towards Gitschin, or any nearer point of communication with Prince Charles. The next day, the 29th, that junction was facilitated by the expulsion of the 1st Austrian Corps and the Saxons from Gitschin, after a hard fight, triumphantly won by the breech-loader, and good tactics; and thus the sole obstacle to the union of the independent armies being removed, Prince Charles halted to rest, and Benedek, foiled at all points, gathered up the fragments of his army behind the Elbe for a final blow.

Planted between Josephstadt and Königgrätz, Benedek watched the movements of his foes. He had seen and felt the effects of the rapid firing of the Prussian infantry, against which his cavalry, his guns, his infantry had struggled in vain. But he seems to have thought that there was just a chance, if he crossed the Elbe, that he might dash against Prince Charles before he could be joined by the Crown Prince, and ruin the Prussian plan by routing each army in detail. Even if we could be brought to suppose that the whole Austrian army, or what remained of it on the 2nd of July, were a match for the Army of the Elbe, with its terrible musket, the event shows that Benedek was just a day too late. The King of Prussia had reached the camp, and had taken command of both armies—nominal command of course. Prince Charles had come up to the Bistritz by the road from Gitschin to Königgrätz, and had halted near Sadowa. The Crown Prince was working his way through the rough country to the north, moving probably by Schurz upon Horzitz. Suddenly, on the morning of the 3rd of July, Prince Charles found himself

opposed alone to the whole of Benedek's army. Had the weapons been equal, the Prince might have been defeated, for he must have been considerably outnumbered. But here, again, the breech-loader enabled the Prussian Elbe army to hold on to the position until the afternoon, by which time the Crown Prince, having marched all the morning, struck full on the Austrian right wing. This attack was nearly as fatal to Benedek as that of Blücher was to Napoleon, or that of Jackson to McClellan. The torrent of men pouring down from the north bore down everything before it. Yet for some hours still the Austrians fought to cover their retreat, if possible. But their extraordinary valour availed for naught, except to show a scene of courage and fortitude equal to anything in military history. Exhausted and overborne, many thousands were cut off and laid down their arms, and the rest fled towards the Elbe, leaving behind their wounded and the greater part of their artillery. So crushing was the defeat, that it opened an easy road directly upon those great lines of communication with Prague on one side, and Olmutz, Briinn, and Vienna on the other, which we have described. Moreover, Prussian troops had descended from Glatz, and seized Böhm Traubau, thus cutting Benedek from all railway communication with Vienna. Hence he had to retreat from the field of battle by Pardubitz, off the lines of railway altogether, and thus it comes that his headquarters are at Hohenmauth. The Austrian cause in Bohemia was lost beyond hope of redemption, and once refreshed after their great labours, the Prussians might have marched to the Danube without the slightest chance of their being hindered by the way. The Emperor then, to save his empire, owned himself beaten, and the war, at least in its present phase, was at an end.

We have ascribed this victorious issue to the breech-loader, and we think with reason. For the faulty plan of campaign devised by the Prussian staff made it almost certain that an united army, equal in number to both the Prussian armies combined, would, had each been similarly armed, have been able to hold in check one-half while it crushed the other in a pitched battle. Three Austrian corps, supported by Josephstadt, and led by men like Gablenz and Ramming, would have been able, if not to defeat, yet so to hamper the movements of the four corps of the army of Silesia as to pen them against the mountains, while Benedek with five corps made a rapid march towards the Iser, and overwhelmed

Prince Charles. Moreover, with equal arms, the 1st Austrian Army Corps and the Saxons would have delayed the march of Prince Charles, forced him to halt and show his strength, and thus have given Benedek time to fall upon him. And that is evidently what he intended to do. But as it turned out, the four Prussian corps of the army of Silesia were made twice or even thrice as strong as the troops opposed to them, by having an arm which enabled them to fire four or five times as fast as the Austrians. Consequently, it was the Austrian army, and not the Prussian army, which suffered in detail. The breech-loader more than made up for faulty strategy, and took away from Benedek all the advantages he hoped to have secured from his central position. Had Wurmser or Alvinzi commanded troops armed like the Prussians, he might, with the certainty of success, have directed his columns by separate lines upon Napoleon, and all the genius of the latter would not have availed to save him. Benedek is not a Napoleon, but we do not see how he could have acted otherwise than he did. The bravery of the Austrians is beyond praise, and the noble way in which they stood to be shattered shows that it was the weapon, and not the superior soldier-ship of the Prussians, that gave them the victory. And thus the simple contrivance of some obscure mechanic, in the hands of a strong man who has had the moral courage to use the novel engine, has enabled him to alter the map of Germany, and achieve in a few days successes greater than those which it took that Frederick whose statue has just been crowned with laurels at Berlin years to accomplish.

From the Spectator, 7th July.

TRAITS OF COUNT BISMARCK.

It is becoming very important to Europe to understand what manner of man Count Bismark is. He has not been five years before the world, and he has already changed the face of Central Europe, and is at this moment the only trusted adviser and guide of a family which directs an army with which no other army now existing is at present competent to contend. He is beyond all question the foremost man in European politics, and as his career can scarcely be considered more than begun,

politicians may well spend some thought in endeavouring to ascertain what his views and his capacities really are. The popular English impression of last year, that he is a mere squire, with great courage, strong antipathy to freedom, and utter unscrupulousness, is obviously only partially correct, and it is a misfortune that we have no account of him written by a friend. The literary class of Germany hates him so justly and so deeply, that it is hard for an outsider to distinguish the facts of his life from the colouring with which they overlay them. The sketch of his life in the *Fortnightly Review* by Dr. Max Schlesinger, author of *Saunterings in and about London*, by far the best book about England ever written by a foreigner, is tainted by a latent dislike, which is very possibly quite justified, but which is fatal to sound judicial analysis of character. He includes in his narrative, however, a secret report upon the Count's policy, which was transmitted to Munich in June, 1862, as a warning to the Bavarian Court. In this remarkable paper two qualities belonging to Count Bismark are revealed with a want of intention which adds greatly to the value of the sketch. He must be one of the most self-confident and one of the most persistent of men. He was in Paris in 1859, a mere visitor, without any instructions from his Court, his appointment being at St. Petersburg, and with no relation to its Ambassador, yet he took upon himself to represent its views, and calmly proposed to Count Waleski to give Prussia the supremacy of Germany, as the condition of an alliance which would relieve France from her isolation. That is as if Mr. Layard were off his own bat to offer M. Drouyn de Lhuys the hearty alliance of England, provided France would agree to an English conquest of Spain. His government repudiated him, but the cool diplomatist betook himself to Berlin to the King, then only Regent, and propounded his ideas, which were identical with those which he is now carrying into such rapid effect. "Prussia was to come to an understanding with Russia and France in regard to the establishment of a German Federal State, of which the King of Prussia was to be the head. After obtaining the consent of the two powers, a German parliament was to be convoked at Frankfort. This would be hailed with joy by the German democrats, who would carry along with them the opposing Governments, Prussia at the same time supporting her demands by military demonstrations; and if the German Federal States, with its parliament, were then established, the Prussian Consti-

tution, together with that of the other States, would be at once abolished, the Frankfort Parliament would be dispersed, and an absolute *régime* energetically entered upon." The King snubbed him sharply, and even addressed to some German monarchs new assurances of his friendship, whereupon Bismark calmly followed him to Baden, and pressed the same on him again. This time he received a stinging personal rebuke, and returned to St. Petersburg, where he was Minister, only to reappear in Berlin as first Minister of the Crown, with all his ideas unchanged or strengthened by a second visit to Paris, this time as the accredited representative of the Prussian Court. Persistence of this kind on the part of a man who had no standing in his country — he was a poor squire of ancient Slavonic birth, but little property — very little esteem with the official world, and no Court favour, shows the Count to be in some measure at all events an ideologue, and one who honestly believes that he, and he only, can rule the situation. Such tenacity is inconsistent with the character for recklessness which Dr. Schlesinger, in common with the rest of the world, attributes to him, or rather the "recklessness" is merely the outside manifestation of the inner fixity of will. Nothing seems dangerous to a man absolutely convinced that his judgment is correct, he has only to apply his principles and all will go well.

What, then, is his principle, or idea? It can hardly be the divine right of aristocracy, though he may have that prejudice of birth from which perhaps only the low-born are ever absolutely free, — for in that case he would not sympathize so strongly with Napoleon, whose *régime* is absolutely fatal to the privileges of caste. Dr. Schlesinger says positively that it is not belief in divine right, which the Count in private habitually ridicules, and which indeed would be opposed to his instinctive realism, his confidence in force, and his aristocratic tendencies. Genuine aristocrats, even in England, never believe in Courts, and see Kings too clearly to feel inclined to worship them on their knees. The idea would seem to be rather Absolutism itself, a belief, much wider spread among Continental statesmen than Englishmen are apt to believe, that men require to be governed from above, that self-government ends in confusion, and that a crowd will always go wrong. That impression, very strong with all men in whom great clearness of vision is combined with great impatience of processes, often produces a sort of contempt for discussion which

may easily be confused, as Dr. Schlesinger apparently confuses it, with scorn for mankind, a feeling which Metternich undoubtedly entertained. He was accustomed to say that if of two printsellers one put in his window Raphael's "Madonna" and the other a dirty French print, the crowd would flock to the second, and to draw thence the deduction that some one must have the power to whip the crowd into the right path. Herr von Bismark is more lenient in his judgment than that, but he undoubtedly has a rooted conviction that, to employ the English phrase, Government must be "strong," must be able to drive as well as lead. That is not of itself proof that he may not be aware of the immense strength of Parliamentary Government, and indeed he has repeatedly admitted that sooner or later a Liberal Ministry must take the reins. But when this belief in strong government is accompanied, as in Count Bismark, by great impatience of discussion, and an intense wish to accomplish foreign ends requiring at once secrecy and speed, then it becomes more than probable that he will contract an involuntary dislike of constitutional processes, which will make him act as a simple absolutist. In action therefore, though not in idea, the Prussian Premier will, we imagine, be found to be an absolutist of the new Continental type, not devoted to the King, and not careful to confine careers to one caste, but determined to govern, and not lead, and ready with that object to use the King, the Junkers, the army, or the people itself, as may be most convenient. Of course in such a man there can be no sentiment which would induce him to spare the Princelings of Germany. On the contrary, he would entertain, as he is known to do, a strong contempt for families whose social assumptions, annoying even to middle-class men, are absolutely intolerable to an aristocracy and who can at best only venture to play at strong government.

Count Bismark is believed in Germany to be an ignorant man, who at the University drank harder than he studied, who has read little, and who has been repeatedly excused official examinations. It must be remembered, however, that able rulers are seldom scholars, and that Count Bismark, though not fit to be a professor, has lived in many Courts, and has inspired men like the late Czar Nicholas, the Emperor Napoleon, and Prince Gortschakoff with a half involuntary respect. His want of book knowledge, however, has probably co-operated with his long residence in foreign Courts to produce the most striking feature in his character. He

is less of a German than almost any German statesman of his time, belongs rather to a class of Italians very little known among Englishmen, but which must have been exceedingly common among the Roman patri-cians. They combine strong will, great perseverance, and the highest astuteness with a kind of jovial recklessness which is supposed by graver men to be assumed, but which is really inherent in their characters. Count Bismark will laugh and chat and enjoy himself with effusion in the midst of the gravest affairs, chatter loosely of plans which make his greatest admirers start, and jest at his own views and ways and objects like a big boy. The German bookishness and tendency to consider forms important, strike him as farcical, so farcical that he never can perceive the real merit hidden by all that ponderousness, never get himself into complete relation with the higher mind of Germany, never avoid acts which, while they accomplish nothing, savagely irritate the cultivated class. This inability is a source of weakness to him, all the greater because it is not shared by the Royal family, which is singularly German, given at once to drill, mysticism, and art. Its root is probably a form of realism which is often found on the Continent, and is said to be a marked peculiarity of the Russians, which if indulged always ends in a total want of reverence for everything except force. An able man with a mind thus constituted usually perceives almost by intuition any physical weakness in his adversary, and this is Count Bismark's forte. Ancient Courts, venerable institutions, stately forms, vast arrays of apparent force, all these things are powerless to move him, for he reckons that all are worth just so many bayonets, so much revenue, so much physical force of some kind. Treaties are parchments, laws formulas, opinion breath, hostile resolutions things to be treated as very empty but punishable insults. What is prestige when one has the needle gun, or opinion while the police obey, or Parliament while the Treasury is full? Force is the Ithuriel spear; whatever can resist that is respectable, whatever cannot contemptible. Carlyle believing in his own doctrines, with the sigh gone out of him and selfishness in his blood, that is, as we judge, the nearest approximation to Count von Bismark.

From The Examiner, 7th July.

RESTORATION OF VENICE.

AFTER seventy years' captivity the people of Venice are about to breathe again the air of national freedom. By a strange combination of events the iron hand that has riven their chain is one to which she never looked for deliverance, and which was uplifted with a wholly different aim. The coincidence is not less curious and significant that the power by whose violence and treachery Venice was first deprived of her freedom becomes for a time her involuntary guardian, escort, and trustee on her way from vassalage to independence. It was by the perfidy and rapacity of the First Napoleon that the queen of the Adriatic was made a prisoner of war. There is something of retributive justice in Napoleon III. being charged with the duty of announcing and securing her liberation. Austria, in the agony of defeat and despair, has suddenly bethought her of restitution. Even in the depths of her discomfiture Imperial pride would not permit her to offer a surrender of the noble province for which she has fought so hard and so long to the Yesterday-King of Italy, whose ill-generalled troops she drove back only last week across the Mincio. She felt less humiliation in offering to cede her territories south of the Alps to France, who had thus far at least forborne to side against her, and to whose magnanimity as mediator between herself and her triumphant German foe she felt that she might confidently appeal. This is the flattery, not without a spice of cunning in it, with which old Governments, even in their decrepitude, are able to propitiate those that lack the prestige and the pomp of ancestry. There is honour among thieves and sentiment among military despots. No incense sweeter or more stimulating could be offered to the pride of the Imperial ruler of France at the present moment than the act by which Austria asks him to hold in trust for her, as the price of peace, that splendid dependency which a month ago she scornfully refused to give up, and about her right and power to retain which she would not listen to a question.

The French Emperor lost not a moment in accepting the office of interposition. His

counsel, rejected unwisely before the sword was drawn, he has thus had the triumph of being asked to propound anew after three sanguinary battles have been lost and won. Events have vindicated with poetic justice the prescient wisdom of this singular man. He has offended nobody, quarrelled with nobody, and given nobody any right to complain; yet now he finds himself in a position of supreme power and influence, if not of authority, the custodier of lapsed possessions, and the indispensable guarantor of new distributions of territory. That he will not fail to take his fee for the performance of his obstetric functions, in the case of all the patients who call on him for aid in their distress, we may take for granted. Venetia will be reunited in due time, no doubt, to Italy. Already the glad tidings of the coming restoration have spread throughout the land. Already, in every money market of Europe, the value of Italian securities has risen from 10 to 15 per cent. Already the words of threat and interdiction, rising once more to Papal lips, have died away, and blank despair begins to settle down upon the heart of the Vatican. Exultant and enthusiastic more than ever, Young Italy will to-morrow, if it be not led, lead on the way to Rome. After what has now occurred, it were vain to bid it disbelieve in national fortune. No credulous and imaginative race have in our time been so beguiled into believing literally that

There is a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them as we may.

Amid the whirl and din of scarce expected joy, the Minister of France at the Court of Florence will, of course, be instructed to represent on the part of his master that he cannot succeed in obtaining the withdrawal of the Austrian garrisons from the Quadrilateral without some corresponding concessions; that the balance of power thus overthrown must be readjusted by various countervailing changes; and that if Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic is thus to be made free, she must not assume the attitude of a new power menacing the other States of Europe. In a word, Victor Emmanuel will be told that he must give up something in requital for Venetia; and when all the diplomatic muffling is unwrapped the meaning will at last be laid bare—that France must have Sardinia. If exchange there must be, and for our parts we see no means of preventing it, it were idle to deny that the bargain is the best of good bargains

for Italy. Why she should, in point of right or justice, be called on to give up anything we know not. But right and justice are of small account in the councils of military monarchies,—witness the proceedings of the past month in Saxony and Hanover. All we say is, let Italy thank heaven that all her great provinces are at last restored to one another, and let her not chafe or fret at the exaction from her of a dependency whose loss she would never feel were it sunk in the depths of the sea. For centuries the island of Sardinia has been held by various Italian Governments in subjection, and has been prized by them sufficiently to be contended for in negotiations and in treaties. But neither commercially nor politically can it be said to be really worth anything to the new Italian Kingdom. What it might be made and what in all probability it will be made, as a department of France, we need not say. It is certainly remarkable that neither in classic nor in Christian times has this large and fertile island, rich in mineral treasures and lying in the very gangway of nations, been civilized or utilized by any of the Governments that have in turn possessed it. The family of Victor Emmanuel deserve to lose it by escheat, for they have owned it now for generations and its condition is little better than it was in the Middle Ages. We believe its destiny is, to become, like Corsica and Constantine, a transmarine portion of France. We discard and repudiate altogether any idea of jealousy on the part of this country of such an acquisition by our Imperial neighbour. We know what Gibraltar and Malta cost us in garrisons, arsenals, and supplies; and we have never once regretted the surrender of Corfu and her sister islands to the Greeks. By all means, if France be ambitious to multiply her causes of maritime expense and anxiety in peace and war, let her do so; how can that injure us in any degree? We hope our new Foreign Secretary will look at the facts of the matter in a matter-of-fact way.

Be this as it may, all Western Europe will rejoice that the venerable City of the Doges is once more free. So long as Venice sat in sackcloth and ashes the lights of the palace and the laugh of the market-place in her sister cities had in them something of profanity and mockery. It was right that all earnest men in Italy should have never ceased to press upon their Government during the last seven years the duty of preparing for her rescue. It is true that her deliverance has not been visibly accomplished by their arms; but it is indisputably true that by the persistent maintenance, at

a cost the country could ill afford, of a vast army, avowedly organized for the eventual redemption of Venetia, the strength of Austria has been drawn away in great part for the defence of the Quadrilateral, and that it is to release the veteran garrisons locked up there that an armistice is now sought and the surrender of the province is now offered. Even the defeat of the sturdy and still formidable army of the Italians at Custoza smoothed for the Austrians the way to a policy that would have been resisted by their pride had the Italians defeated them.

The dream of Italian Unity is thus at last about to be realized. It was the dream of one man when the rest of his nation lay dead; and that man still lives, but lives in exile and in bodily affliction, in a narrow home. Had Mazzini been an idle or inert seer of visions he would have merited little of his country's gratitude; but more than any other man, or than all other living men put together, he has for the space of thirty years and more contributed to the creation of national hope, national strength, and national life. It will be an everlasting infamy to the nation whose existence he foresaw, and which he may in truth be said to have brought into being, if henceforth his cruel sentence of ostracism be not annulled, and if he be not, as a tardy act of reparation, recalled with honour from his banishment to witness and to share in the general joy.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE ALABAMA.

Sir: I am afraid I shall seem to be forever recurring to a worn-out and distasteful theme; but the change of feeling towards America which the conduct of the American Government in the matter of Fenianism has produced, encourages me once more to mention in your columns the case of the Alabama.

It is late, no doubt, but I trust not too late to pluck out of the bosom of the American nation this thorn, which will otherwise, I fear, long rankle there, and render impossible a cordial union between the two great communities of our race.

In his despatch on the subject of the ravages committed by the Shenandoah, Mr. Seward, under the influence of a not unpardonable irritation, allowed himself to use language which could not be defended, and which lowered his own position. But, with this single exception, the American Government has done nothing to render difficult to us the path of international justice. On

the contrary, it has done everything to render that path easy. It has disarmed unconditionally; and now, in spite of all that has been endured both in the way of loss and insult at our hands, it performs its international obligations to us, under trying circumstances, with a fidelity which all acknowledge.

What the Americans demand in the matter of the Alabama, is a fair inquiry into a case in which they believe themselves to have suffered wrong — such an inquiry as honor need not refuse, as the most punctilious honor on the contrary would court for its own vindication.

That there is a case for inquiry we can hardly deny. The illness of the Queen's Advocate is pleaded by our government as an excuse for its tardiness; and of course the excuse admits the fact.

The law officers of the crown would probably renew their objections. But the law officers of the crown have done their duty in advising the government on the legal question. They ought not to be allowed to put a legal veto on the promptings of national honor. Already the conduct of our government in these matters has been guided too much by the technical arguments of lawyers and too little by the wisdom of statesman.

Recent events in the diplomatic world have taught England her real weakness. Let them also teach her her real strength. The military despots of Europe, among whom we stand as a free nation almost unfriended, have their alliances, the artificial creatures of a selfish diplomacy, dark, hollow, and perfidious.

We also, if we will only clear our hearts of baseless and unworthy prejudices, may have an alliance, neither dark, hollow, nor perfidious, the bond of nature, not of diplomacy, with the great Commonwealth of our race. To repress her rising and expanding greatness, the aim of a shallow and malignant policy, is not in our power; it is in our power to share it, if we will only cultivate the affection which we have labored, but not yet with complete success, to kill in the hearts of our kinsmen. A fatal malady paralyzed the reconciling hand of Chatham. But what Chatham left undone, true statesmen even now may do. The confederation of the Anglo-Saxon race is an object hard of achievement, no doubt, and there are some interests and passions among us which stand very much in its way; but nevertheless it is no dream.

I am, &c.

GOLDWIN SMITH."

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